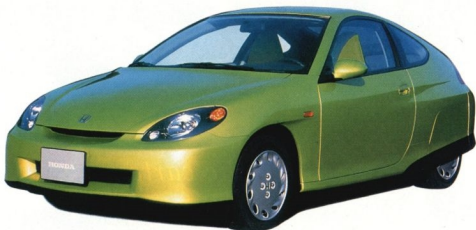


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HONDA
Thinking.

A woman with short brown hair, wearing a plaid shirt over a white tank top, is sitting on a rocky beach. She is holding a small orange cup to her lips and drinking. To her left, a light-colored dog is sitting on the rocks, looking out at the ocean. In the foreground, there is a carton of Tropicana Pure Premium Ruby Red Grapefruit juice. The carton is white with green and red accents, featuring a green cap and a red and white striped straw. It is surrounded by splashing orange juice, a whole orange, and two halves of a grapefruit. The background shows a rocky coastline with waves crashing against the shore under a cloudy sky.

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Perfect.



The Trial: At the Senate, Chief Justice Rehnquist is sworn in (see NATION)



Is the Party Over? The consternation over the millennium—and its attendant bug (see COVER)



The Man He Plays: John Travolta in *A Civil Action* (see ENVIRONMENT)

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COVER: Digital photomontage for TIME by Aaron Goodman

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Elaine Rivera/Wilmington, Del.

The Case of the Missing Corpse

Sex, intrigue and family feuds abound as an ex-prosecutor is tried for murder

THERE'S ENDLESS TALK OF THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY here in this tiny city, but none of it has to do with that impeachment thing going on 100 miles to the south. No, what has folks here riveted is the *really* sordid trial. That would be the murder trial of Thomas Capano, a former state prosecutor and high-profile attorney, which comes complete not just with O.J. Simpsonsque details of sex, class, betrayal and death but also with a surprise nearly every day.

So each morning of the trial—and there have been 11 weeks of mornings so far—scores of Wilmingtonians stand in line at the colonial-style state courthouse for hours as they compete for the most coveted seats in town.

"Monica who?" deadpans a regular trial observer, and there's no doubt that the details that have unfolded during Capano's trial are far more lurid than anything in the Ken Starr report. The loquacious lawyer and son of a self-made construction-industry tycoon is charged with murder in the first degree of his former lover Anne Marie Fahey, who had risen from her working-class background to land a job as scheduling secretary for Governor Thomas Carper.

No one expected Capano's admission on the witness stand that he disposed of Fahey's body by stuffing it into a 3-ft. Styrofoam cooler, and then, with the help of his brother, dumped it at sea. (The cooler was later found by fishermen.) Neither did anyone expect him to point the finger at another ex-mistress, Deborah MacIntyre, who, he says, "accidentally" shot Fahey as Capano tried to wrest a gun from her—an action he claims he later covered up by getting rid of the body, which has never been found. MacIntyre denies the entire story. "It's not a whodunit—it's a whodunwhat," says Cris Barrish, a local reporter.

And few foresaw that Capano's brothers Louis, 47, and Gerard, 36, squeezed by prosecutors and threatened with jail time, would turn on Capano in court and testify that he recruited them in the cover-up of the case. The latest twist: last week Capano's only sister Marian and her husband, local lawyer Lee Ramunno, each mounted the witness stand to defend brother Thomas and attack the credibility and honesty of brothers Louis and Gerard.

And then, of course, there's the sex. The case, which is expected to go to the jury after closing arguments early this week, has been punctuated with such bizarre and graphic accounts of Capano's sexual activities that at times the local

newspapers have chosen not to publish some of the testimony. Some in the courtroom refer to the defendant as the "man with the Velcro fly." At one point a mortified Delaware deputy attorney general was forced to testify that he had had a "threesome" with Capano and MacIntyre. Capano, he said, watched through a window while he had sex with Capano's mistress. Capano in turn seemed to have no remorse over his admission of numerous liaisons throughout his marriage, and he left behind a trail of graphic love letters as evidence. "Dear Slutty Little Girl" began a letter to one of

what came to seem like a platoon of girlfriends.

Unfazed by the accounts of his peripatetic sex life, the arrogant defendant fenced constantly with prosecutors. But Capano finally unraveled in court last week when prosecutor Colm Connolly accused him of using his four daughters to mislead investigators. At the mention of his children, he shouted, "You heartless, gutless, soulless disgrace for a human being!" and accused the prosecutor of harassing his mother. The judge then had Capano escorted from the courtroom, and the trial adjourned for the day. A few weeks before, Capano had abruptly fired his four attorneys—only to take them back the next day.

"This is better than any series on television," says flight attendant Susan Friedenberg, who knows what she likes, and has garnered occasional trial seats. "I always wanted to see a trial of a white-collar person from high society who falls in a hard way."

At restaurants and bars, the speculation is ceaseless. This is a small town (pop. 70,000) and a small state, and the avalanche of disclosures has stunned the many who know everyone involved. Capano, once referred to as "the white knight" of a family with a history of legal problems, could face the death penalty if convicted.

The situation "definitely has torn relationships and friendships apart," says Kevin Freel, a longtime friend of the Fahey family's, who no longer speaks to another old friend who is one of Capano's attorneys.

Sometimes it seems as if the only people in town not reveling in the daily details are Anne Marie Fahey's four brothers and sister, who attend the trial daily and coolly keep their distance from members of the Capano family outside the courtroom. "They are determined and resolute to see this to the end," says Freel. "But things will never be the same around here again. Anne Marie will still be gone."



THE COOLER-COFFIN THAT WAS FOUND AT SEA



TOM CAPANO



FAHEY

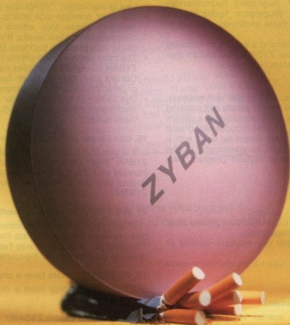


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The most common side effects with ZYBAN include dry mouth and difficulty sleeping. Although uncommon, there is a risk of seizure associated with ZYBAN. (See "Important Warning" section in Information for the

Patient on following page.) So it is important to talk to your healthcare professional to see whether ZYBAN is right for you. You should not take ZYBAN if you have a seizure disorder; are already taking WELLBUTRIN®, WELLBUTRIN SR®, or any other medicines that contain bupropion HCl; have or have had an eating disorder; or are currently taking or have recently taken a monoamine oxidase (MAO) inhibitor. It is important to let your healthcare professional know about any other prescription or over-the-counter medications you are taking. ZYBAN is not recommended for women who are pregnant or breast-feeding.

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Information for the Patient

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Please read this information before you start taking ZYBAN. Also read this leaflet each time you renew your prescription, in case anything has changed. This information is not intended to take the place of discussions between you and your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss ZYBAN as part of your plan to stop smoking. Your doctor has prescribed ZYBAN for your use only. Do not let anyone else use your ZYBAN.

IMPORTANT WARNING:

There is a chance that approximately 1 out of every 1000 people taking bupropion hydrochloride, the active ingredient in ZYBAN, will have a seizure. The chance of this happening increases if you:

- have a seizure disorder (for example, epilepsy);
- have or have had an eating disorder (for example, bulimia or anorexia nervosa);
- take more than the recommended amount of ZYBAN; or
- take other medicines with the same active ingredient that is in ZYBAN, such as WELLBUTRIN® (bupropion hydrochloride) Tablets and WELLBUTRIN SR® (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets. (Both of these medicines are used to treat depression.)

You can reduce the chance of experiencing a seizure by following your doctor's directions on how to take ZYBAN. You should also discuss with your doctor whether ZYBAN is right for you.

1. What is ZYBAN?

ZYBAN is a prescription medicine to help people quit smoking. Studies have shown that more than one third of people quit smoking for at least 1 month while taking ZYBAN and participating in a patient support program. For many patients, ZYBAN reduces withdrawal symptoms and the urge to smoke. ZYBAN should be used with a patient support program. It is important to participate in the behavioral program, counseling, or other support program your health care professional recommends.

2. Who should not take ZYBAN?

- You should not take ZYBAN if you:
- have a seizure disorder (for example, epilepsy);
- are already taking WELLBUTRIN, WELLBUTRIN SR, or any other medicines that contain bupropion hydrochloride;
- have or have had an eating disorder (for example, bulimia or anorexia nervosa);
- are currently taking or have recently taken a monoamine oxidase inhibitor (MAOI);
- are allergic to bupropion.

3. Are there special concerns for women?

ZYBAN is not recommended for women who are pregnant or breast-feeding. Women should notify their doctor if they become pregnant or intend to become pregnant while taking ZYBAN.

4. How should I take ZYBAN?

- You should take ZYBAN as directed by your doctor. The usual recommended dosing is to take one 150-mg tablet in the morning for the first 3 days. On the fourth day, begin taking one 150-mg tablet in the morning and one 150-mg tablet in the early evening. Doses should be taken at least 8 hours apart.
- **Never take an "extra" dose of ZYBAN.** If you forget to take a dose, do not take an extra tablet to "catch up" for the dose you forgot. Wait and take your next tablet at the regular time. Do not take more tablets than your doctor prescribed. This is important so you do not increase your chance of having a seizure.
- It is important to swallow ZYBAN Tablets whole. Do not chew, divide, or crush tablets.

5. How long should I take ZYBAN?

Most people should take ZYBAN for 7 to 12 weeks. Follow your doctor's instructions.

6. When should I stop smoking?

It takes about 1 week for ZYBAN to reach the right levels in your body to be effective. So, to maximize your chance of quitting, you should not stop smoking until you have been taking ZYBAN for 1 week. You should set a date to stop smoking during the second

week you're taking ZYBAN® (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets.

7. Can I smoke while taking ZYBAN?

It is not physically dangerous to smoke and use ZYBAN at the same time. However, continuing to smoke after the date you set to stop smoking will seriously reduce your chance of breaking your smoking habit.

8. Can ZYBAN be used at the same time as nicotine patches?

Yes, ZYBAN and nicotine patches can be used at the same time but should only be used together under the supervision of your doctor. Using ZYBAN and nicotine patches together may raise your blood pressure. Your doctor will probably want to check your blood pressure regularly to make sure that it stays within acceptable levels.

DO NOT SMOKE AT ANY TIME if you are using a nicotine patch or any other nicotine product along with ZYBAN. It is possible to get too much nicotine and have serious side effects.

9. What are possible side effects of ZYBAN?

- Like all medicines, ZYBAN may cause side effects.
- The most common side effects include dry mouth and difficulty sleeping. These side effects are generally mild and often disappear after a few weeks. If you have difficulty sleeping, avoid taking your medicine too close to bedtime.
- The most common side effects that caused people to stop taking ZYBAN during clinical studies were shakiness and skin rash.
- Contact your doctor or health care professional if you have a rash or other troublesome side effects.
- Use caution before driving a car or operating complex, hazardous machinery until you know if ZYBAN affects your ability to perform these tasks.

10. Can I drink alcohol while I am taking ZYBAN?

It is best to not drink alcohol at all or to drink very little while taking ZYBAN. If you drink a lot of alcohol and suddenly stop, you may increase your chance of having a seizure. Therefore, it is important to discuss your use of alcohol with your doctor before you begin taking ZYBAN.

11. Will ZYBAN affect other medicines I am taking?

ZYBAN may affect other medicines you're taking. It is important not to take medicines that may increase the chance for you to have a seizure. Therefore, you should make sure that your doctor knows about all medicines—prescription or over-the-counter—you are taking or plan to take.

12. Do ZYBAN Tablets have a characteristic odor?

ZYBAN Tablets may have a characteristic odor. If present, this odor is normal.

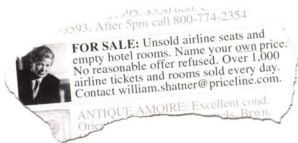
13. How should I store ZYBAN?

- Store ZYBAN at room temperature, out of direct sunlight.
- Keep ZYBAN in a tightly closed container.
- Keep ZYBAN out of the reach of children.

This summary provides important information about ZYBAN. This summary cannot replace the more detailed information that you need from your doctor. If you have any questions or concerns about either ZYBAN or smoking cessation, talk to your doctor or other health care professional.

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LETTERS



Men of the Year

“Bill Clinton and Ken Starr both on the cover? I’m surprised this issue didn’t self-destruct and take my mailbox along with it.”

JUDI MILLER
Plainville, Mass.

YOUR SELECTION OF INDEPENDENT COUNSEL Kenneth Starr and President Bill Clinton was the most perfect choice that you could have made [MEN OF THE YEAR, Dec. 28-Jan. 4]. It was brilliant!

SHARON WITHAM
Lakeport, Calif.

YOU’VE GOT TO BE KIDDING! CLINTON and Starr? One guy can’t admit to the truth, and the other spends millions of taxpayers’ dollars to prove a point that the American people don’t want anything to do with. We could have used that money for education or to feed the poor.

KURT SHOEMAKER
Pennsville, N.J.

CLINTON AND STARR TOGETHER AT LAST! There’s not a dime’s worth of difference between those two; they simply gave in to different temptations. Perhaps both should be censured for their callous unwillingness to consider the consequences of their actions. In any case, your cover could facilitate a rather satisfactory game of darts.

JAMES A. BLAIR
Cumberland, R.I.

THIS SELECTION HAS TO RANK AS ONE of the most dismal TIME has ever made. These guys are the Humbert Humbert and Inspector Javert of U.S. politics.

RICHARD E. HEGNER
Columbia, Md.

CONGRATULATIONS. NEVER BEFORE HAVE I seen such a fascinating contrast of good and evil both within and especially between two men. It is like combat between God and the devil. But I won’t say who is the evil one.

LEE ZOOK
Mabel, Minn.

CLINTON AND STARR ARE LINKED LIKE my dog and his fleas. My pet serves as a watchdog and friend; Clinton does his job as a leader tackling difficult prob-

lems. My dog’s fleas do nothing but irritate him and me. Starr’s investigations have only done harm to the body politic. Let him flee the judgment of history.

PAUL J. LARROCCA
East Hartford, Conn.

YOU HAVE CONTRIBUTED DIRECTLY TO the decline of America by choosing two of the biggest buffoons our planet has ever known.

JAMES MABRY
Anchorage

I WON’T BE HANGING ANY PICTURES OF your Men of the Year in my kindergarten classroom. Shame on you! How could you relegate baseball’s Mark McGwire to the (newly invented?) category of Hero of the Year? McGwire taught us all a lesson in sportsmanship and humility.

ANNE M. HAGGERTY
Silver Spring, Md.

Impeachment of a President

THE FACT THAT BILL CLINTON WAS impeached as a result of partisan voting in the House of Representatives shows how ridiculous this process is [NATION, Dec. 28-Jan. 4]. Has any other American President met as much spiteful opposition as Clinton? How many more hypocritical Republicans are going to be forced out of the infidelity closet to follow in the wake of Henry Hyde, Dan Burton and Bob Livingston? When a Republican is next elected President, I hope the Democrats in Washington work as hard as possible to make his presidency a living hell. The actions of the Republicans have created a blueprint to follow.

DEAN DUANE
Highlands, N.J.

THE VOTE TO IMPEACH CLINTON IS A verdict on his entire political life for consistently violating moral and ethical rules.

JEFF SMITH
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

EVEN THOUGH THE POLLS SHOWED THAT the majority of Americans support Clinton, Republicans in the House of Representatives voted to impeach. Maybe we need a new name for this body: the House of Misrepresentatives.

JIM BIHARI
Columbus, Ohio

WE MUST REMEMBER THAT THE AMERICAN method of government is not one of consensus but one of representation. It is to be hoped that our Representatives sometimes cast a vote based not on political expediency but on principle.

MARVIN YODER
Galena, Alaska

IN FUTURE ELECTIONS, I DON’T CARE IF the Democratic candidate is Satan himself; I will not vote for a Republican.

TIM MCGLYNN
Palatine, Ill.

HOUSE REPUBLICANS HAVE FINALLY achieved the unimaginable: they have captured the moral low ground from President Clinton.

LYNN R. KAHLE
Eugene, Ore.

Who’s the Enemy?

AMERICANS WERE CONFUSED AS TO WHO their enemy was. They launched bombing raids to attack Iraq’s Republican Guard [NATION, Dec. 28-Jan. 4] when the real danger to the U.S. was in the Republican Congress!

PAUL KELLY
Victoria, B.C.

WHAT IF PRESIDENT CLINTON HAD CHOSEN not to make necessary air strikes against Iraq because he feared that an assault at the time of the scheduled impeachment debate would be seen as a wag-the-dog act? In that case there really would have been grounds for impeachment. Clinton would have been putting concern for his personal and political future above the good of the nation. I commend the President for having the courage to act as he did.

JANE ENGLISH
Mount Shasta, Calif.

BOX SCORE

Here’s a rundown of the amount of mail we’ve received so far on our TIME 100 selections:

- Leaders and Revolutionaries 913
- Artists and Entertainers 728
- Builders and Titans 322

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^{1†}The Morningstar rating is based upon performance when the funds had no sales charges or Rule 12b-1 fees. Class I and II shares which were initially offered on November 1, 1996, have not been rated.

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appropriate sales charge adjustments, and a risk factor that reflects fund performance below 90-day T-bill returns. Ten percent of the funds in an investment category receive five stars, 22.5% receive four stars, 35% receive three stars, 22.5% receive two stars and the bottom 10% receive one star. Ratings for the three, five and ten years ended 10/31/98 were: Mutual Beacon, (3), (3) and (3) stars; Mutual Shares, (3), (3) and (4) stars and Mutual Qualified, (3), (3) and (4) stars. Mutual Discovery received (4) and (5) stars for the three and five years against a universe of 839 and 373 international equity funds, respectively. Morningstar ratings are not yet available for the Mutual European and Mutual Financial Services Funds.

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For every list of memorable people or events that *TIME* creates, readers come back with names they think we should have included. The latest installment of the most influential people of the 20th century, *Builders and Titans* (*TIME* 100, Dec. 7), is no exception. Here are some of the giants that readers felt were missing from the action: Mary Kay Ash, cosmetics entrepreneur; Bill Boeing, aircraft-company founder; Howard Hughes, aviation leader; Henry J. Kaiser, road and ship builder; Konosuke Matsushita, electronics mogul; Fred Smith, parcel-shipping pioneer.

BOMBING IS NOT THE WAY TO ACHIEVE military or political goals. On the contrary, bombing hardens the resolve of those who are subjected to it. My greatest fear is that this stupidity we are unleashing on Iraq will escalate and result in terrorist counterattacks.

TED ZAJAC JR.
Elyria, Ohio

Listen to the Children

IN YOUR ARTICLE ON THE CAMPAIGN BY schoolchildren in Colorado to purchase the freedom of individual slaves in Sudan (*PHILANTHROPY*, Dec. 21), you mentioned that I put the kids and their message on our Nickelodeon channel. But it was my granddaughter Keryn who first informed me of the class's campaign against slavery. Initially, I didn't realize the significance of Keryn's concerns, but her persistence and tenacious focus on this international atrocity convinced me that I should spotlight the children's extraordinary effort. The credit for the resulting Nickelodeon News segment, which jump-started the effort, belongs rightfully to Keryn and other youngsters. This tale reminds us of some sage advice: Listen to your children. It is frequently they who show us the power of an individual to make a difference in this world.

SUMNER M. REDSTONE
Chairman and CEO
Viacom Inc.
New York City

THE CAMPAIGN TO BUY THE FREEDOM OF slaves plays right into the hands of the slave traders. However well intentioned the effort may be, it is helping the traders carry out their atrocious activities, providing them with increased profits and an incentive to continue their behavior.

STEPHEN DONNELLY
Easthampton, Mass.

Uncharted Territory

YOUR REPORT "DESCENT INTO MADNESS" depicted the mob incidents in Jakarta in the context of ethnic and religious hatred (*WORLD*, Dec. 7). This is a mistake. Since President Suharto's resignation in May, Indonesia has entered uncharted territory marked by the guarantee of political freedom, a free press and the establishment of new political parties on an almost daily basis. We are facing huge challenges as we transform a society that

has had over 30 years of authoritarian rule into one that is democratic. But the transition to democracy requires time and effort. We appreciate those who show their sympathy and support.

MAHENDRA SIREGAR, FIRST SECRETARY
Press and Information Division
Embassy of the Republic of Indonesia
Washington

Protecting the Forests

YOUR ARTICLE ON THE NEED TO PRESERVE the world's wooded areas [*HEROES FOR THE PLANET: FORESTS*, Dec. 14] justifiably charged timber interests, population growth and suburban sprawl with reckless forest destruction. However, you should have included the illegal drug trade as one of the culprits. For years drug cultivators have claimed hundreds of thousands of acres of forest. Environmental organizations should adopt rigorous antidrug policies that compel government accountability and stem lethal drug cultivation.

F. ANDY MESSING JR.
Executive Director
National Defense Council Foundation
Alexandria, Va.

THE LOSS OF TROPICAL RAIN FORESTS IS a tragedy that saddens all in the U.S. forest-products industry. Members of this association have worked hard to protect and conserve forests and wildlife both in the U.S. and elsewhere. American forest-products companies that have concessions overseas do not log in tropical rain forests, and public and privately owned forests in the U.S. are replanted as soon as possible after harvest. In 1995-97, our members reforested 3.7 million acres.

W. HENSON MOORE
President and CEO
American Forest & Paper Association
Washington

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TIME, JANUARY 18, 1999

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of side effects, which occurred about as often as they did with placebo (sugar pill). Most common were headache, occurring with 12% of people; drowsiness, 8%; fatigue, 4%; and dry mouth, 3%.

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CLARITIN® brand of loratadine TABLETS, SYRUP, and RAPIDLY-DISINTEGRATING TABLETS

BRIEF SUMMARY (For full Prescribing Information, see package insert.)

INDICATIONS AND Usage: CLARITIN is indicated for the relief of nasal and non-nasal symptoms of seasonal allergic rhinitis and for the treatment of chronic idiopathic urticaria in patients 6 years of age or older.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: CLARITIN is contraindicated in patients who are hypersensitive to this medication or to any of its ingredients.

PRECAUTIONS: General: Patients with liver impairment or renal insufficiency (GFR < 30 mL/min) should be given a lower initial dose (10 mg every other day). (See **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Special Populations**.)

Drug Interactions: Loratadine (10 mg once daily) has been administered with therapeutic doses of erythromycin, cimetidine, and ketoconazole in controlled clinical pharmacokinetic studies in adult volunteers. Although increased plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 h) of loratadine and/or desloratadine were observed following coadministration of loratadine with each of these drugs in normal volunteers (n = 24 in each study), there were no clinically relevant changes in the safety profile of loratadine, as assessed by electrocardiographic parameters, clinical laboratory tests, vital signs, and adverse events. There were no significant effects on QT, intervals, and no reports of sedation or syncope. No effects on plasma concentrations of cimetidine or ketoconazole were observed. Plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 h) of erythromycin decreased 15% with coadministration of loratadine relative to that observed with erythromycin alone. The clinical relevance of this difference is unknown. These above findings are summarized in the following table:

Effects on Plasma Concentrations (AUC 0-24 h) of Loratadine and Desloratadine/Loratadine After 10 Days of Coadministration (Loratadine 10 mg) in Normal Volunteers

	Loratadine	Desloratadine/Loratadine
Erythromycin (500 mg Q8h)	+ 40%	+ 46%
Cimetidine (300 mg QID)	+ 103%	+ 6%
Ketoconazole (200 mg Q12h)	+ 307%	+ 73%

There does not appear to be an increase in adverse events in subjects who received oral contraceptives and loratadine.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility: In an 18-month carcinogenicity study in mice and a 2-year study in rats, loratadine was administered in the diet at doses up to 40 mg/kg (mice) and 25 mg/kg (rats). In the carcinogenicity studies, pharmacokinetic assessments were carried out to determine animal exposure to the drug. AUC data demonstrated that the exposure of mice given 40 mg/kg of loratadine was 3.6 (loratadine) and 18 (desloratadine) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Exposure of rats given 25 mg/kg of loratadine was 28 (loratadine) and 67 (desloratadine) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Male mice given 40 mg/kg had a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) than concurrent controls. In rats, a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) was observed in males given 10 mg/kg and males and females given 25 mg/kg. The clinical significance of these findings during long-term use of CLARITIN is not known. In mutagenicity studies, there was no evidence of mutagenic potential (Ames) or forward point mutation (CHO-HGPRT) assays, or in the assay for DNA damage (rat primary hepatocyte unscheduled DNA adduct) or in two assays for chromosomal aberrations (human peripheral blood lymphocyte chromosome assay and the mouse bone marrow erythrocyte micronucleus assay). In the mouse lymphoma assay, a positive finding occurred in the nonactivated but not the activated phase of the study.

Decreased fertility in male rats, shown by lower female conception rates, occurred at an oral dose of 64 mg/kg (approximately 50 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis) and was reversible with cessation of dosing. Loratadine had no effect on male or female fertility or reproduction in the rat at an oral dose of approximately 24 mg/kg (approximately 20 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis).

Pregnancy Category B: There was no evidence of animal teratogenicity in studies performed in rats at oral doses up to 96 mg/kg (approximately 75 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, CLARITIN should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

Nursing Mothers: Loratadine and its metabolite, desloratadine, pass easily into breast milk and achieve concentrations that are equivalent to plasma levels with an AUC_{0-12h}/AUC_{0-12h} ratio of 1.17 and 0.85 for loratadine and desloratadine, respectively. Following a single oral dose of 40 mg, a small amount of loratadine and desloratadine was excreted into the breast milk (approximately 0.03% of 40 mg over 48 hours). A decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. Caution should be exercised when CLARITIN is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use: The safety of CLARITIN Syrup at a daily dose of 10 mg has been demonstrated in 183 pediatric patients 6-12 years of age in placebo-controlled 2-week trials. The effectiveness of CLARITIN for the treatment of seasonal allergic rhinitis and chronic idiopathic urticaria in this pediatric age group is based on an extrapolation of the demonstrated efficacy of CLARITIN in adults in these conditions and the likelihood that the disease course, pathophysiology, and the drug's effect are substantially similar to that of the adults. The recommended dose for the pediatric population is based on a cross-study comparison of the pharmacokinetics of CLARITIN in adults and pediatric subjects on the safety profile of loratadine in both adults and pediatric patients at doses equal to or higher than the recommended doses. The safety and effectiveness of CLARITIN in pediatric patients under 6 years of age have not been established.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: CLARITIN Tablets: Approximately 90,000 patients, aged 12 and older, received CLARITIN Tablets 10 mg once daily in controlled and uncontrolled studies. Placebo-controlled clinical trials at the recommended dose of 10 mg once a day varied from 2 weeks to 6 months' duration. The rate of premature withdrawal from these trials was approximately 2% in both the treated and placebo groups.

REPORTED ADVERSE EVENTS WITH AN INCIDENCE OF MORE THAN 2% IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED ALLERGIC RHINITIS CLINICAL TRIALS IN PATIENTS 12 YEARS OF AGE AND OLDER

	PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING			
	LOTATADINE 10 mg QD n = 192	PLACEBO n = 2545	CLEMISTINE 1 mg BID n = 536	TERFENADINE 60 mg BID n = 684
Headache	12	8	8	6
Somnolence	8	6	22	9
Fatigue	4	3	10	2
Dry Mouth	3	2	4	3

Adverse events reported in placebo-controlled chronic idiopathic urticaria trials were similar to those reported in allergic rhinitis studies.

Adverse event rates did not appear to differ significantly based on age, sex, or race, although the number of nonwhite subjects was relatively small.

CLARITIN REDIBATS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets): Approximately 500 patients received CLARITIN REDIBATS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) in controlled clinical trials of 2 weeks' duration. In these studies, adverse events were similar in type and frequency to those seen with CLARITIN Tablets and placebo.

Administration of CLARITIN REDIBATS (loratadine rapidly-disintegrating tablets) did not result in an increased reporting frequency of mouth or tongue irritation.

CLARITIN Syrup: Approximately 300 pediatric patients 6 to 12 years of age received 10 mg loratadine once daily in controlled clinical trials for a period of 8-15 days. Among these, 188 children were treated with 10 mg loratadine syrup once daily in placebo-controlled trials. Adverse events in these pediatric patients were observed to occur with type and frequency similar to those seen in the adult population. The rate of premature discontinuance due to adverse events among pediatric patients receiving loratadine 10 mg daily was less than 1%.

ADVERSE EVENTS OCCURRING WITH A FREQUENCY OF ≥ 2% IN LOTATADINE SYRUP-TREATED PATIENTS 6-12 YEARS OLD IN PLACEBO-CONTROLLED TRIALS, AND MORE FREQUENTLY THAN IN THE PLACEBO GROUP

	PERCENT OF PATIENTS REPORTING		
	LOTATADINE 10 mg QD n = 188	PLACEBO n = 262	CHLORPHENIRAMINE 2-4 mg BID/TID n = 170
Nervousness	4	2	2
Wheezing	4	2	5
Fatigue	3	2	1
Hypertension	3	1	1
Abdominal Pain	2	0	0
Conjunctivitis	2	<1	1
Dysphonia	2	<1	0
Malaise	2	0	1
Upper Respiratory Tract Infection	2	<1	0

In addition to those adverse events reported above (≥ 2%), the following adverse events have been reported in at least one patient in CLARITIN clinical trials in adult and pediatric patients:

Autonomic Nervous System: Altered lacrimation, altered salivation, flushing, hyposthesia, impotence, increased sweating, thirst.

Body As A Whole: Angioneurotic edema, asthenia, back pain, blurred vision, chest pain, earache, eye pain, fever, leg cramps, malaise, rigors, tinnitus, viral infection, weight gain.

Cardiovascular System: Hypertension, hypotension, palpitations, supraventricular tachycardia, syncope, tachycardia.

Central and Peripheral Nervous System: Bilephosphorus, dizziness, dyspnea, hypertension, migraine, paresthesia, tremor, vertigo.

Gastrointestinal System: Altered taste, anorexia, constipation, diarrhea, dyspepsia, flatulence, gastritis, hiccup, increased appetite, nausea, stomatitis, toothache, vomiting.

Musculoskeletal System: Arthralgia, myalgia.

Psychiatric: Agitation, amnesia, anxiety, confusion, decreased libido, depression, impaired concentration, insomnia, irritability, paranoia.

Reproductive System: Breast pain, dysmenorrhea, menorrhagia, vaginitis.

Respiratory System: Bronchitis, bronchospasm, coughing, dyspnea, epistaxis, hemoptysis, laryngitis, nasal dryness, pharyngitis, sinusitis, sneezing.

Skin and Appendages: Dermatitis, dry hair, dry skin, photosensitivity reaction, pruritus, purpura, rash, urticaria.

Urinary System: Altered micturition, urinary discoloration, urinary incontinence, urinary retention.

In addition, the following spontaneous adverse events have been reported rarely during the marketing of loratadine: abnormal hepatic function, including jaundice, hepatitis, and hepatic necrosis; alopecia; anaphylaxis; breast enlargement; erythema multiforme; peripheral edema; and seizures.

OVERDOSEAGE: In adults, somnolence, tachycardia, and headache have been reported with overdoses greater than 10 mg with the Tablet formulation (40 to 180 mg). Extrapyramidal signs and palpitations have been reported in children with overdoses of greater than 10 mg of CLARITIN Syrup. In the event of overdose, general symptomatic and supportive measures should be instituted promptly and maintained for as long as necessary.

Treatment of overdose would reasonably consist of emesis (ipecac syrup), except in patients with impaired consciousness, followed by the administration of activated charcoal to absorb any remaining drug. If vomiting is unsuccessful, or contraindicated, gastric lavage should be performed with normal saline. Saline cathartics may also be of value for rapid dilution of bowel contents. Loratadine is not eliminated by hemodialysis. It is not known if loratadine is eliminated by peritoneal dialysis.

No deaths occurred at oral doses up to 5000 mg/kg in rats and mice (greater than 2400 and 1200 times, respectively, the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis). Single oral doses of loratadine showed no effects in rats, mice, and monkeys at doses as high as 10 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis.

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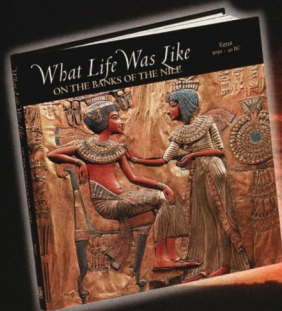
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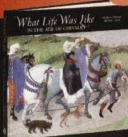
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NOTEBOOK

VERBATIM

"You say, 'Well, come on, Dan; you keep saying it's historic.' There's no other word that describes it."

DAN RATHER,
hoping to rouse viewer
interest in the start of the
Senate impeachment trial

"We've got some pretty women on here this time."

STROM THURMOND,
96, looking forward to duty
on the Senate Armed Services
Committee with new member
Mary Landrieu

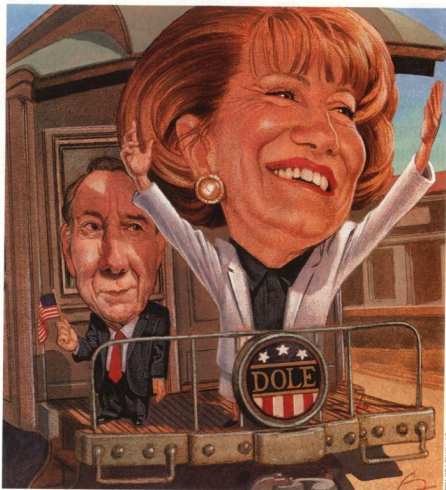
"I just wasn't going to leave Green Bay for the sake of leaving. But if the exact right situation came along, I had to take it."

MIKE HOLMGREN,
on agreeing to a reported \$40
million offer to coach the
Seattle Seahawks

"I'm not stupid. I went to Wendy Ward Charm School ... I know how to walk, how to get in and out of a car without showing the world everything."

TERRY VENTURA,
on her readiness for her new
role as Minnesota's first lady

Sources: Rather, Baum (New York Times); Thurmond
(Washington Post); Ventura (Star Tribune)



WHAT ABOUT BOB? Elizabeth Dole leaves the Red Cross for greener political pastures, while Bob does his best Nancy Reagan. Will he have to give up his Viagra spokespersonship? Oh well, if Elizabeth wins, he gets to light the tree every year

WINNERS & LOSERS



TRENT LOTT
G.O.P. leader herds 99 other Senate
egos into bipartisan deal. And not
a single hair out of place!

SADDAM HUSSEIN
Just cuz you're paranoid doesn't
mean they're not spying on you.
And Richard Butler's balding!

CALISTA FLOCKHART
It's just nerves! New Mayo
Clinic study shows fidgeting
prevents weight gain

HENRY HYDE
The House's lead prosecutor and
his 12 Hamilton Burgers are told
by Senate to forget the Jane Does

LISA MCREE
GMA host fired. Looked like Joan
Lunden, sounded like Joan
Lunden, but wasn't Joan Lunden

MICHAEL EISNER
Weaker Disney nets CEO half
1997's \$9.9 mil bonus. Mickey
gets Velveteen. Chip eats Dale





PUBLISHING

Coming Soon: The Drool-On-Your-Pillow Diet

PUBLISHING TRENDS, AN INDUSTRY NEWS-letter, cites it as "the most controversial medical book ever, hear that, ever published." Or soon to be published, anyway. After a heated auction last month, Pocket Books won the rights to *Kept in the Dark: The Killer Connection Between Sleep and Food*. The advance was just north of \$200,000, a surprisingly hefty sum for a nonfiction book by two unknowns

(T.S. Wiley, a medical researcher, and Bent Formby, a cell biologist).

Their theory, according to the proposal circulated to publishing houses, is that obesity and the diseases associated with it are caused by burning the candle at both ends. The idea is that one's body is continually tricked into thinking it's summer, and thus it wants to store up fat for winter. Sleep more, the authors claim, and you'll lose weight. This will no doubt be controversial among scientists and personal trainers and welcomed by almost everyone else.

—By Andrea Sachs/New York

SCANDAL INTERRUPTUS

A Bit Less Jefferson in William Jefferson Clinton

BILL CLINTON HAS BEEN DOGGED FOR years by the rumor that in Arkansas he fathered a child of an African-American prostitute. In 1992 the tale was flogged by the tabloid *Globe*. But it really took off last week when news leaked that the tabloid *Star* was conducting DNA tests to confirm or refute the rumor once and for all, provoking a frenzy of speculation in Washington after the story leaked, in the usual fashion, from the Drudge Report to the New York *Post* to papers around the world. Using the Starr Report's FBI analysis of Clinton's DNA as its reference, the



Clinton

Starr Report contains sufficient data to make a valid DNA comparison to rule out paternity.) But if the tabloid is disappointed by the results, it's putting up a good, *Brill's Content*-ready front. Says editor in chief Phil Bunton: "We investigate dozens of stories every week, and if they don't prove to be true, we don't run them."

—By Andrea Sachs/New York

STARR GRAZING

A Bit Player Gets a Bad Case of the Willeys

KEN STARR'S INDICTMENT LAST WEEK OF Julie Hiatt Steele raised eyebrows among defense lawyers. Steele is accused of obstructing justice and making false statements when she denied that Kathleen Willey told her Clinton made a pass at Willey in 1993. But stranger than the fact of the indictment of this bit player, say lawyers with no dog in the fight, is that it's based in part on Steele's telling her allegedly



Steele

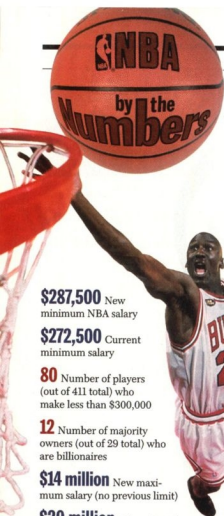
false version to the press, specifically *Newsweek* and the *National Enquirer*—and in 1997, before Starr had even begun this phase of his probe. Lawyers for Steele, who denies the charges, are considering a First Amendment challenge. Steele's attorney, Nancy Luque, blasted the indictment as "a transparent attempt to unfairly influence the pending impeachment proceeding." Perhaps so. The day after, House managers met to consider Willey as a witness.

However, she may not be one for Starr himself. Sources tell *TIME* he has had concerns about the veracity of some of her statements. He met with Willey after he sent his impeachment referral to Capitol Hill but apparently did not feel he could build a strong enough case to send a follow-up referral based on her allegations.

—By Viveca Novak/Washington

THE DRAWING BOARD





A. REINSTEIN/GOSSAM

\$287,500 New minimum NBA salary

\$272,500 Current minimum salary

80 Number of players (out of 411 total) who make less than \$300,000

12 Number of majority owners (out of 29 total) who are billionaires

\$14 million New maximum salary (no previous limit)

\$20 million Salary Scottie Pippen had reportedly been hoping to get this season as a free agent but won't



\$9 million NBA commissioner David Stern's reported salary

5 Number of players currently slated to make more than \$14 million (in descending order of salary: Michael Jordan, Patrick Ewing, Shaquille O'Neal, David Robinson and Kevin Garnett)

25% Share of total NBA salary money earned by the 20 highest-paid players

5 Number of seasons a player has to play to become an unrestricted free agent under new contract (up from three under old contract)

4.82 Length in seasons of the average NBA career

55% Share of total NBA revenue that is earmarked for players in last three years of contract

57.2% Share of NBA revenue that went to players during the '97-'98 season

70% Share of NHL revenue that will be earned by hockey players this season

\$500 million Estimated amount lost by players because of lockout

\$0 Amount of national television revenue lost by owners because of lockout (thanks to guaranteed contracts)

Sources include: NBA, New York Times, Sports Illustrated, USA Today, CNN, AP Online, Boston Globe and Daily News

\$10.50 Price of Boston Celtics stock the day before the NBA strike was settled (the Celtics are the only publicly held team)



\$14.63 Closing price of Celtics stock on day of settlement

\$20 Price of Celtics stock a year ago

\$200,000 Amount the Gottlieb family in Boston says its four parking lots near the FleetCenter have lost because of lockout

40% Percentage by which Reebok has decreased production of Allen Iverson basketball shoes

1.7 Average rating for NBA games last season on TNT and TBS

1.7 Average rating for movies selected to replace NBA games

32% Portion of fans in a survey who say they blame the players for the lockout

37% Fans in the survey who say they blame the owners

53% Fans in the survey who say they have missed pro basketball "only a little" or "not at all"

191 Length in days of lockout



180 Length in days (and counting) that Tim Floyd has or hasn't been coach of the Bulls

ZHIRINOVSKY BEAT

THE PLAYBOYS ADVISER 1998 was a rough year for Vladimir Zhirinovsky, madcap leader of Russia's ultranationalist Liberal Democratic Party. Last month his colleagues banned him from the Duma floor after he called for the communists "to be shot." But things may be picking up with the publication of his latest book, *The ABCs of Sex*. At a publicity event for the 222-page tome, the self-proclaimed "sexual knight of all the girls of Russia" proposed a new domestic sex industry as the panacea for the country's economic ills.

His book, co-authored with a party lieutenant, is full of lusty penses. All hotels should maintain sex agencies "for guaranteeing the sexual needs of the



guests." Licensed prostitutes should be launched into space to reduce the stress of the Motherland's weary cosmonauts. Ditto for the fellows suffering in the armed forces and Russia's teeming prison colonies.

ABCs pays scant attention, however, to such grim issues as the rapid rise of HIV and AIDS in Russia or to the country's continued reliance on abortion as the preferred form of birth control. Perhaps because of this, book sales have been brisk and the publisher is talking about a second printing. Zhirinovskiy announced last week that he'll soon run for governor of a Russian region—which one remains to be announced. Then he flew off to Libya, his fifth visit to pal Muammar Gaddafi in the past year.

—By Andrew Meier/Moscow

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JOEL STEIN

Man of the Century: The Campaign

WHEN I FIRST REALIZED I WASN'T BEING INVITED to the meetings to choose TIME's Person of the Century, I thought it was because I was just a rookie, a goofy celebrity interviewer whose opinion didn't mean much on weighty matters. But after about three seconds of that, I thought better: it's because they're considering picking me.

I'm not deceiving myself. I know I'm a long shot. The way I see it, I have about nine months to do something big, something splashy, to pull the votes my way. Something besides plastering the office walls with handmade posters that say STEIN IS FINE, JOEL'S A GEM AND THE OTHER GUY CAN'T READ! Those were a major part of my last successful campaign (vice president of my high school class), but there apparently is some office rule about signs and Fun-Tak that I didn't know about.

I figured I'll play on my strengths, like watching *MTV* all day and making penis jokes. But I know from painful personal experience that the voting editors don't appreciate that stuff.

So I'm going to have to be reborn, not really like a phoenix but more like a troubled NBC sitcom that gets picked up by UPN. Only even better. These are going to have to be my strongest nine months since gestation.

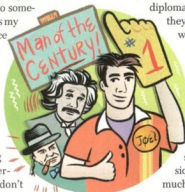
I'm going to be less like me and more like previous People of the Century, guys like Genghis Khan, Alexander the Great and Napoleon. I started to research these giants of history until I found out they didn't have websites and gave up. But I basically suspect I need to take over a large piece of the world, give the people something useful like libraries or fruit smoothies, and

get myself a cool name. I like Joël. I also like Joel, but I'm not sure I'll ever find that button on my keyboard again. I plan to amass my forces in Australia and then spread out into Asia and down into Africa, because that once worked for me in Risk.

Despite numerous phone calls and the admittedly unconvincing promise of "cool, reasonably priced uniforms," none of my friends want to join my army. But who needs an army, anyway? If I do it alone—no allies, no armies, no diplomacy, just me, *mano a mano*, Rambo-style—they'll have to give me the nod over the other world leaders of the century.

But the more I think about the world-conquering bit, the more it sounds hard. Far easier just to run a bunch of negative ads about the competition. And unlike them, I have the distinct advantage of not only being in the same building as the voting members but also being alive. I mean, Albert Einstein and Winston Churchill didn't exactly have sissies befitting Men of the Century. How much could Churchill, even at his prime, bench press? Probably not as much as me. I'm just saying.

If for some reason none of this works, I plan on appealing to my editors' hunger for publicity. These are the people who picked Bart Simpson as one of their 20 Entertainers of the Century and Lucky Luciano as one of the business geniuses. Compare that buzz to what they'd get for picking me as Person of the Century. How many new people would want to read TIME once they heard that the Person of the Century was working on the very issue they were reading every week? I know for sure my dad would finally break down and buy a subscription. ■



PULSE

INVISIBLE MAN Dennis Hastert? Wasn't he the guy on that show? Or is he the one who invented that thing? You know the one I mean.



Newt Gingrich

Number of press mentions the week they were nominated for Speaker of the House



Bob Livingston



Dennis Hastert

Source: News

THE RULES



I LOVE NY The buzz in New York is that Hillary Clinton is mulling a run for the Senate in 2000. But why New York—a state in which she has many admirers but no apparent roots to speak of (unless you count attendance at numerous fund raisers)? First, of course, there's an open seat—unlike, say, in her native Illinois. Second, New York has astonishingly loose residency requirements: all she has to do is live there on Election Day—maybe in a nice hotel suite. Other states are less accommodating. Illinois demands you live there at least 30 days and be a registered Illinois voter, while Arkansas exacts from its Senators a harsh two years of residency. All of which may put Hillary in a New York state of mind.

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MILESTONES

▼ **ENGAGED. POPEYE**, hard-bodied spinach aficionado; to his sweetheart of 70 years, **OLIVE OYL**. The heretofore non-committal couple will wed next month in a special comic book called *The Wedding of Popeye and Olive*. Bluto has been invited.

DIVORCING. ANDREW BLEILER, 33, who carried on an adulterous affair with Monica Lewinsky; and his wife **KATH-LYN**; in Portland, Ore. A staff member at Beverly Hills High School when he met Lewinsky, Bleiler called off the five-year affair in 1996, then blabbed it to the world last January.

RESIGNING. JOHN THOMPSON, 57, venerated longtime Georgetown University basketball coach; for personal reasons; in Washington. Under Thompson's 27-year tutelage, the Hoyas spawned Patrick Ewing, reached the NCAA tournament 20 times and won a championship.

itated by dementia and a loss of motor skills resulting from repeated blows to the head during his three-decade career.

DIED. IRON EYES CODY, 94, icon of environmentalism; in Los Angeles. The Cree-Cherokee actor and activist, who appeared in 100 films, struggled for decades before achieving celebrity with a role in a historic 1971 public-service spot for Keep America Beautiful. (Later he made a sequel.) As the American Indian who sheds a tear at the sight of a landscape littered with garbage and polluted by smoke, Cody brought the nonprofit group unprecedented attention and support. In 1996 a New Orleans newspaper alleged he was of Italian descent—a charge Cody vigorously denied.



KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

IRON EYES CODY



DIED. JERRY QUARRY, 53, Hall of Fame boxer; of pneumonia; in Templeton, Calif. Though he never won the heavyweight title, the popular pugilist, whom opponent Joe Frazier called the "good-looking Irish kid with a nice smile," put up decent fights against many of the greats, including Floyd Patterson and Muhammad Ali. In recent years he was incapac-



FOLLOW-UP

REPRIEVE Four years ago this month, New Orleans teenager Shareef Cousin briefly became America's youngest condemned man. Charged at 16 with killing Michael Gerardi, 25, in a French Quarter street robbery, the clean-cut Cousin never quite fit the part. After his conviction, appeals lawyer Clive Stafford-Smith unearthed a host of prosecutorial misdeeds, including false police statements and suppressed evidence that placed Cousin squarely in the middle of a recreation-league basketball game at the time of the murder.

Three months after a January 1998 article in *TIME* by Christopher John Farley and James Willwerth that drew national attention to the



JOHN FARLEY FOR TIME

case, the Louisiana state supreme court ordered a new trial. Cousin angrily refused a deal prosecutors offered last week: time served in exchange for a no-contest plea to manslaughter. With the new trial set to begin this week, New Orleans district attorney Harry Connick Sr. blinked and dropped the charges.

But Cousin, now 20, still faces time: shortly before his original trial, he admitted—under pressure, he says, from the judge and his trial lawyer—to committing four robberies. Cousin claims those charges were false or overstated. "It's a big victory getting off death row," he admits. "But it hasn't sunk in yet because I'm still in jail." The robbery charges are currently on appeal.

NUMBERS



615 million Number of passengers who flew with U.S. airlines in 1998

0 Number of people who died in crashes of any U.S. airliners in 1998—a new record



1 Rank of Tennessee in the final *USA Today/ESPN* and AP Top 25 college-football polls

24 Rank of Tennessee among Top 25 teams in terms of graduation rates

27 Percent of Tennessee football players who actually graduate

83 Rank of Monica on the list of most popular names for newborn girls in 1997

97 Rank of Monica on the list of most popular names for newborn girls in 1998

\$114 million Grosses for *A Bug's Life*, the top holiday film, during the last six weeks of 1998



\$150 million Revenues during the same period for Nintendo's *The Legend of Zelda*—the first time a top-grossing video game has outearned a top-grossing film

Sources: *USA Today*, Boston Globe, Rocky Mountain News, Baby Names, Business Wire/Sources: *USA Today*, Boston Globe, Rocky Mountain News.



TIME

ORDER IN THE

The Senate agrees on how to try Clinton but what happens



E COURT

when the really tough votes come?

N A T I O N



DIANA WALKER FOR TIME

By NANCY GIBBS

THE FOUNDERS DIDN'T invent the separation of powers, but they were the first to put it into practice. They were proud of the safety that checks and balances guaranteed and believed that only the most dangerous occasions warranted setting them aside. Last week the Senate unwrapped a constitutional mechanism that no one alive has ever witnessed: the trial of the President, prosecuted by the House, before the Senate, presided over by the Chief Justice, all the branches of government worshipping together for only the second time in history, and the most momentous thing about it was that it seemed to many people less important than the fact that the Dow nuzzled 9600, the NBA season was salvaged and the weather in most places turned rotten.

After months of predictions that we would never arrive here, that impeachment was dead after the election, that the House could play with matches because the Senate was fireproof, that Monica was more likely to be invited to tea with Hillary than to

testify before the heirs of Daniel Webster, we begin a brand-new year full of startling events to misinterpret and fresh expectations to defy. And so on cue the Senate set about defying them, managing to do what no politicians on this stage had done last year: remain calm, act like grownups and find the safest way to an exit.

The Senators called on their best instincts and worst fears to drive both sides to unanimity by Friday afternoon: the trial will start this Thursday, with a week or so of arguments and questions from each side, and no witness will appear unless a majority of the Senators agree to call him—or her. In preserving Senate comity, they dealt a blow to both sides: to Henry Hyde and the House managers, who had been bucking all week at the idea that they might not be able to prosecute their case down to the last cigar, and to the White House, which was still holding out for a day pass.

And yet to watch these men and women stream out of the Senate chamber and into their press conferences and live-satellite feeds, praising themselves as though they had just passed the Marshall Plan, was to realize how hard this was to do, and how far they still have to go. In agreeing on a set of rules that they all could live with, they postponed the most difficult votes: Do we need to hear witnesses? Should the President be removed from office? Should the case be thrown out altogether? That they were all so surprised and

proud at not having behaved like cannibals reminded everyone how many of their tribe had already been consumed by this story.

As for the defendant himself, Bill Clinton vanished last week beneath a historic avalanche of syllables, William Jefferson Clinton, the full name used for birth and burial. He had little choice but to stay away, and that put him in the company of much of the public. He spent Thursday working out, having lunch, worrying about what kids do after school. On Friday he went to a car show and gave a speech about how this sure is the greatest economy anyone has ever seen.

EVER SINCE THE HOUSE PASSED this cup to the Senate, no one has known for certain what an actual impeachment trial would look like—which is why the fight over whether to call witnesses and have the full, blowy tale spill across the plush Senate floor was not some technical dispute. The decision would draw the road map for the year, determining how long this lasts and how ugly it gets and what our politics will look like when it's all over. The White House was passionately opposed to hearing from anyone; the House prosecutors started the bidding at 15 and threatened to include women with Clinton stories to tell that even Ken Starr didn't think warranted repeating.

Most Senators had strong feelings on

the matter, but they fell like marbles on the floor, and no one could predict who would roll where. There were Democrats who felt you could not have a trial without witnesses; there were Republicans who were determined to avoid a circus. Many in both parties swatted at Hyde's efforts to shape the rules—he who had argued during the House phase that no witnesses were necessary because the record was so complete. "It's interesting to me that the House is asking for witnesses in the Senate trial that they did not want to call in the House," Utah's Bob Bennett, a staunch conservative and no Clinton friend, told TIME. "What could we learn from witnesses that the House did not need to learn?"

Trent Lott has been squeamish about witnesses from the start. Though a former House member himself, Lott didn't trust the House managers to muster the requisite dignity and restraint. And he knew that once witnesses were called, he would have

SPEAKING BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

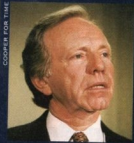
Meeting in the Old Senate Chamber, where great national debates of the 19th century took place, Senators found their way to a compromise



▲ TOM DASCHLE Pulling back from the brink of partisan disaster, the Senate minority leader joined with Trent Lott to find common ground, get back on track and make one last—and ultimately successful—attempt at a deal

▼ JOSEPH LIEBERMAN

Warning against the perils of partisanship, the Democrat told a fable about the scorpion and the frog. They can't rise above their nature and cooperate, so they die



▲ EDWARD KENNEDY AND TRENT LOTT

All smiles after a day of tense negotiations, the two politicians from opposite sides of the ideological divide celebrated the deal Kennedy did so much to cut. "We can get to second base together," he told his colleagues—since both the Republican and Democratic plans shared the same starting points, the two sides could at least agree on a beginning. Lott grabbed the moment, and after cries of "hear, hear" and "let's seal the deal," announced the creation of Gramm-Kennedy before they could change their mind



“I ask everyone here who might be tempted, to step back fr

little choice but to allow the President's lawyers time for discovery. If witnesses requested immunity, or refused to appear without a subpoena, the crocuses would be up before the defense rested.

But there were Republicans who felt differently. In a G.O.P. meeting, Mike DeWine of Ohio made a practical case: "When there are disputes over facts, like the gifts [from Bill to Monica], I don't know how you can ask us as jurors to decide without hearing from witnesses," he said. "I need to be able to look at people involved in that and hear them tell me who called whom and who did what. And you're telling me I shouldn't be allowed to hear those people?" Others were adamant about not playing hanky-panky with the rules. "I ain't a scholar, and I ain't no constitutional lawyer," Montana conservative Conrad Burns declared. "I'm a cattle auctioneer. And the reason I'm concerned is, our forefathers put impeachment in the Constitution because they knew the aristoc-

racy had to be accountable to the people. Equal justice under the law. If those words aren't true anymore, then I'm going back to Montana to be a cattle auctioneer."

Hardest to convince was the "damn the torpedoes" faction, conservatives who want to barbecue Clinton as long as possible or who hope something might turn up to draw 12 Democrats into the hanging party. Lott had to convince this crowd that a full-blown trial wouldn't pull Democrats in but would drive moderate Republicans out; it takes only 51 votes to adjourn. "You should never damn the torpedoes," said a G.O.P. leadership adviser, "because torpedoes explode."

Right up to the edge of the cliff they walked, in private meetings on Wednesday and Thursday, peering over and seeing the bodies of Newt Gingrich and Bob Livingston and the others who have been sacrificed to this scandal. But pride kept pushing them to the precipice. When the proceedings formally began Thursday morning, there was still no agreement, and the clock was ticking. The world's foremost deliberative body was ordered to keep quiet "on pain of imprisonment," and the proceedings began with, of all perfect things, an oath that the Senators would do "impartial justice" as they go about deciding in all likelihood that perjury doesn't matter.

But after the session was adjourned and the cameras turned off, something remark-

able happened. Don Nickles, the majority whip, approached Lott, and the two started talking. Tom Daschle conferred across the aisle with three fellow Democrats. Oregon's Ron Wyden crossed from the Democratic side and sat down with Bill Frist, a moderate Republican from Tennessee. It looked like a junior high dance, when the boys and the girls finally tiptoe into the center of the gym. The group grew from six Senators to 10, to 25 to 40 to more than 50. Susan Collins, the moderate freshman Republican from Maine, was on the outer fringes when she felt drawn into the huddle. "Everyone wanted to be a part of it," she said. "You had to lean in to hear everything. It was extremely cordial. It wasn't tense. It was, 'Let's work this out.'" No one shouted; no one stormed away. No one talked over others. Everyone seemed to listen intently to what was being said.

And what was being said? "I am heartbroken right now," Republican Connie Mack told Daschle. "To think that we're going to march into our partisan camps and establish with our flags the beginning of this process just breaks my heart." In that fear and sorrow he was not alone. For all the disagreements, some consensus was plain: we don't want our first vote to be a party-line standoff. There has to be a way out. Let's throw out the staffs, get rid of the microphones and find out what we can all agree on. They would reconvene that afternoon in

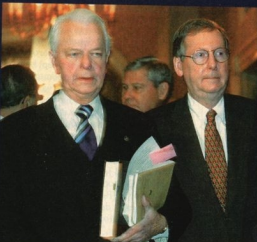


PHIL GRAMM

The last Republican called to speak in the meeting, the Texan broke the gridlock by arguing that Senate rules already address the issue of calling witnesses—which had been the big impediment



▼ **ROBERT BYRD AND MITCH MCCONNELL**
Calling the moment a trial for "this august body and all of us who ... deserve the title of Senator," Byrd appealed to his colleagues' sense of history. McConnell tried to quell fears among Democrats that he and his fellow Republicans were bent on using impeachment as a political weapon



CONNIE MACK

"If we can bridge our differences with love in our hearts ... we can find some common understanding," said the Florida Republican

from the brink of political gamesmanship.??

—SENATOR ROBERT BYRD

the Old Senate Chamber, a bipartisan caucus searching for a final game plan. Lott, looking relieved and even euphoric, told reporters that "I got up this morning thinking, 'I've gotta make a lot of important decisions today. I hope I make the right ones.'"

The group hug was so pleasing that the shock was that much worse when everything fell apart. Even though he had been in the center of the Senate-floor powwow, Daschle pulled the plug on the bipartisan conclave, complaining to Lott that he had not proposed the meeting formally. Some-

49% of the vote in 1994, told the conference, "I'm up in 2000. And if you read the papers, I'm an endangered Republican species. But I'm not worried about that. I'm worried what my one-year-old daughter will read about the role her father played in the impeachment process in 20 years. So to those of you who are doing what you're doing to help the class up in 2000, stop it. Don't help me. Don't help me."

Then some people tried to hit the brakes. Snowe turned to fellow Maine Senator Susan Collins. "I've got to say some-

venue designed to humble warriors. The Old Senate Chamber was last regularly used in 1859 to debate the issues of a growing nation: territorial expansion, slavery, economic policy in the first industrial age. The nation outgrew the room, so when they assembled there shortly after 9:30 a.m., 100 Senators made do with 68 seats. Those not lucky enough to get antique seats were placed between the rows, so that tall Senators like Oregon's Gordon Smith sat with his knees pressed up against the chair in front of him. "It was



PROSECUTOR HYDE and his Judiciary Committee colleagues review the list of witnesses the White House hopes will never get called

thing strange had happened quickly: privately, Republicans and some Democrats speculated that when the White House heard about the scrum—and the fact that it had produced a near compromise on a plan that would have led to a vote on whether to call witnesses—it pushed Daschle to cancel the meeting. The White House feared that in a room of 100 Senators, Clinton's interests might not be defended. Bitterness had returned, and the sniping was beginning, albeit in sober tones. Nickles, Arkansas' Tim Hutchinson, Olympia Snowe and others came out and criticized Daschle for not going along with the meeting.

In the Republican caucus late Thursday afternoon, some members argued for total war—a party-line vote to proceed however they chose. The Democrats were doing Clinton's bidding, they argued, and would never go along with a bipartisan deal; they were counting on a long trial to make Republicans look partisan and obsessed. The fear of a voter backlash was no reason to abandon principle. Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania, who won with just

thing," she said. "This is wrong." They had just taken a historic oath, she reminded her colleagues—some of them still fingering the souvenir pens with which they signed the impeachment book. Did they really want to start the process with such a partisan move? She appealed to a sense of personal trust that has not dissolved completely; Senators still shake hands across the aisles. The mood in the room swept behind her as Republicans rose in agreement. Said Larry Craig of Idaho, a conservative: "If there's any chance of not having this be a partisan vote, let's go for it."

The Democrats, meanwhile, were aware that if Clinton could not get a fair trial in a C.O.P.-controlled Senate, it would be in part because of what the Democrats did to Robert Bork and John Tower, and to the methods the Democratic majority had long used to undercut Republican administrations. "If we can't do this," an off-message Democratic Senator said Thursday night, "we're all to blame." And so they agreed to try one last time to pull back from the brink.

The dénouement came Friday, in a

TIME/CNN Poll

Do you approve or disapprove of the way the Senate is handling the impeachment trial of President Clinton?

Approve **35%** Disapprove **47%**

Do you want the Senate to proceed with the trial or end it immediately?

Proceed **38%**
End immediately **59%**

In their role as jurors in the trial, will most Senators "do impartial justice according to the Constitution and the laws?"

Yes **41%**
No **50%**

From a telephone poll of 1,067 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on Jan. 7 by NewsResearch Partners Inc. Sampling error is ± 3%. "Red" color: "red" color.

like riding with two people in a wheelbarrow," said New Mexico Republican Pete Domenici.

THE SENATORS LISTENED to their most respected historian, Robert Byrd, warn them that they too were on trial. The President had sullied the presidency; the House had fallen "into the black pit of partisan self-indulgence." The Senate needed to lift its eyes to higher things. Byrd quoted Ben Franklin, the *Federalist* papers, even Chaucer. Then the deal guys saved the day.

It was Phil Gramm and Ted Kennedy who persuaded their colleagues that they could agree on the basic approach, to let the trial open with arguments and questions and then decide which, if any, witnesses to call. That the Texas conservative and the Massachusetts liberal—"the most unlikely combination you could imagine," as Collins called them—could agree on anything suggests one of two things: either the compromise was

hollow and symbolic, or something rare and impressive occurred.

It may be that both are true. Any vote that turns out 100 to 0 in the Senate is by definition symbolic. But on an issue as explosive as the trial of a popular President during an age of vengeance in a Senate controlled by the opposition party, no vote is easy. There are surely votes ahead that will divide the caucus, strain party loyalties, test principle against politics and test both against the law. But this vote was much harder than the final tally suggests.

With increasing rancor, the White House argued through the week that it would be unfair for the Senate to proceed with a trial in which the Senators made up the rules as they went along. On Friday, when every last one of the 45 Democrats voted for a plan that does precisely that, lawyer Greg Craig said tersely that the White House "respected" the Senate's decision.

The problem for the White House is that the interests of the President and those of his party are not quite the same. "From

among the lawyers, debating whether preparing for witnesses would make the prosecutors more likely to call them. Even those with the most courtroom experience will never be fully ready for a trial unlike any ever held. It is as much a political as a legal proceeding; the jury is also the judge; justice, which is supposed to be blind, has a party affiliation; prosecutors will be held to no specified standard of proof; and the verdict will under no circumstances be unanimous.

The President, through it all, remained detached, celebrating chief of staff John

■ Should the Senate call the following to testify?

	Yes
Bill Clinton	66%
Betty Currie	55%
Monica Lewinsky	53%
Kenneth Starr	51%
Vernon Jordan	51%
Linda Tripp	42%

■ Should President Clinton wait to deliver his State of the Union address until after the Senate trial is over, or go ahead and deliver the address on Jan. 19 as scheduled?

Wait	27%
As scheduled	69%

■ Do you have a favorable or unfavorable impression of:

	Favorable
Republicans in Congress	37%
Democrats in Congress	55%

■ Should the Senate remove Clinton from office?

Yes	34%
No	62%

CHRIS SODER FOR TIME



CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM REHNQUIST swore in the Senate jurors wearing the gold-striped robe he designed four years ago

By leaving open the possibility of witnesses and giving the House managers room to make their case, the vote looked like more of a victory for the hard-liners than the Democrats. But the fine print holds the trapdoors: the resolution forces the House prosecutors to present their case first, over the course of as long as 24 hours, without calling witnesses. Then comes the White House, followed by the Senators' questions. And only then do the House managers get a chance to argue in favor of hearing testimony.

There were some Clinton victories buried in the procedures. First, the managers are limited to what is already in the record. They must request witnesses en bloc, which means they must be careful about whom they call. The Senate will vote on the complete set, so just one objectionable witness could drag the whole block down. "That's a huge victory for the Democrats," said a Democratic strategist on the Hill, "and I'm not sure the White House gets it." And even if a majority votes yes on the set of witnesses, the vote only authorizes depositions; it will take another majority vote to hear them live.

the Democratic Party perspective, I don't see any downside to having a long trial," says a White House official. The Democrats would prefer not to see Clinton thrown out of office. But they cannot have failed to notice that the bloodbath in the House helped their party and hurt the Republicans. In fact, the only Democrat to lose from what happened in the House was Clinton.

The political hands in the White House have understood from the beginning that postponing things is how the Senate operates. Now the White House will have to adopt a new operating style tailored for the more collegial body. "The problem is, our best defense has always been partisanship, and you can't do that in the Senate," says a White House official. "You've got to be more flexible and more willing to bend." The danger here is that the longer things go on, the more uncertain the outlook is for Clinton, the bigger the chance for surprises. And the only kind of surprises you get in these circumstances are bad ones.

So White House strategists huddled on Saturday, drafting scripts, dividing tasks

Podesta's 50th birthday Friday night by performing an *X-Files* skit with Hillary and showing a video of the actual cast singing "Happy Birthday, Skippy." Down Pennsylvania Avenue, the Senators too were in the mood to party. Perhaps because bliss may be fleeting, they got drunk on consensus. After the unanimous vote, Kennedy and his wife Victoria ran into Lott in a private room just off the Senate chamber. Lott gave her a big kiss: "How about some crawfish étouffé?" Lott joked when the discussion turned to favorite foods. Kennedy tried on his best Mississippi accent: "I want me a po'boy." The suggestion led to billows of laughter. "This is going to make the health-care bill of rights a piece of cake," said Kennedy. "Piece of cake," said Lott. "Let's go do it now."

"Yes, and minimum wage," said Kennedy.

They broke up in a concert of chuckles. It may be the last good laugh anyone has for a long time. —Reported by James Carney, John F. Dickerson, Viveca Novak and Karen Tumulty/Washington

Margaret Carlson

Throwing the Book at Washington

Another novel about presidential sex? This one drives to the heart of town



HAS WASHINGTON HEARD ENOUGH ABOUT presidential sex? Apparently not, because the town is starting to buzz about yet another Oval Office affair. This one has nothing to do with Monica—or Bill. The latest White House romance unfolds in a novel called *Face-Time* by Erik Tarloff, a screenwriter and occasional Clinton speechwriter who's married to Laura Tyson, formerly Clinton's top economist. But

the reason people are talking about *Face-Time*, which Tarloff began long before the Gap dress went under an FBI microscope, isn't that it offers an insider's look at explicit sex. These days you can get that on C-SPAN. In fact, the book's treatment of matters of the flesh is almost quaint; unlike Ken Starr, Tarloff leaves most of the steamy stuff to one's imagination.

What makes the novel riveting is its almost anthropological description of the ebb and flow of power and status in official Washington, where the ultimate currency is access to the President, or "face time." In his descriptions of aides scrambling up the West Wing ladder during the day and angling for an A-list invitation at night, Tarloff provides the context that's missing in disclosures by Starr, Larry Flynt and the tabloids. They tell us everything we always wanted to know about sex in high places, but nothing about life there.

Most of *Face-Time* takes place in White House offices or at ubiquitous Washington parties where the goings-on seem more like work than work itself. At one cocktail event, the President—a dashing former Senator from New Mexico named Chuck Sheffield—moves from group to group, chatting amiably, and as soon as he moves on, the people left behind disperse, "as if the real purpose of the group had now been fulfilled... and there was no longer any compelling reason to remain together." (Now *that's* Washington.) At another party, Sheffield becomes smitten with Gretchen, a radiant, low-level East Wing staff member who lives with a rising presidential speechwriter named Ben. After Gretchen and the President begin an affair, her face time surpasses Ben's, which sets Tarloff to brooding on the intersection of love and power. If the desire for face time can turn movie stars, corporate barracudas and big-time lawyers into grinning fools—and separate them from their money in hopes of getting more—can Ben blame Gretchen for enhancing her access through other means?

Gretchen isn't infatuated with the President. She's just enjoying her brush with history, a fling she says she might tell

her grandkids about. (Linda Tripp suggested the same thing to Monica.) If only Monica had been so clear eyed. She made the mistake of thinking she was in love with a self-involved, pudgy 50-year-old who had a wife and a killer schedule that left no time for champagne, candlelight or pillow talk. If she'd realized it was the presidency she was swooning over, not the President, and spent more time pushing her ideas for education reform and less time moaning to Tripp, the Senate might not be tied up in knots trying to decide how to carry out somber constitutional duties over matters that have the makings of farce. Some Senators must be longing for the days when Presidents lied about things that mattered, like coups d'état or arms for hostages.

Face-Time limns another Washington reality. Despite three decades of feminism, the prevailing ethic is still man on top. Think of all the power couples in Washington, and you'll be hard pressed to come up with more than a few in which the woman is more prominent than the man. The Doles would break new ground should Elizabeth become President, but not that much. Bob conceded his alpha maleness when he revealed last year that he'd taken Viagra.

A year after Tarloff soaked up the pheromones at Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn's 1997 New Year's Eve party, Washington seems another world, colder than the one in *Face-Time*, in which a reporter hot on the story of the President's affair never

goes with it, and hearts are broken, not the presidency. If only Washington could be so sentimental, so neat and tidy. Outsiders are shocked that such a seemingly sexless place is now so awash with the stuff. A President, a Speaker-to-be and a few of our more upright Congressmen have already been humiliated, and there are rumors of many more to come. But it's not surprising that Washington can get so physical. Using power to get sex means not having any that makes a claim on your heart—or, more important, on your time.

Tarloff commits at least one unforgivable act of imagination: he creates an inner life for some of his Washington types, when their real-life counterparts have none. They have schedules instead of lives, talking points instead of conversations, breakfast meetings instead of coffee and newspapers with someone they love. There's solace in the packed calendar, the ever present staff that's more obliging than family, the nightly parties full of people eagerly seeking face time. In the end Tarloff's hero discovers he can live without power but not without love. It must be fiction. No one in Washington would do that.





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Her turn? Before deciding, Dole will think, listen, pray

AND NOW IT'S HER

With a golden résumé and an eye on the big job, here comes Liddy Dole. Will the

By MICHAEL DUFFY WASHINGTON

LET'S SUPPOSE THAT YOU WERE TEST-marketing an antidote for a nation that had just impeached the most ambitious, adulterous, undisciplined and profane President in a generation. Your roll-out would need to look more spontaneous than calculated. It would be preferable if your candidate had never been one before. It would be reassuring to know self-control was not a problem. And it would be even better if, instead of chasing skirts, she wore them.

And so, just as the men who have recently announced their presidential ambitions did so as quietly as possible—on the Internet (Bill Bradley) or late on New Year's Eve (Al Gore)—the official story of Elizabeth Dole's decision to join the fray is one of immaculate conception. One morning before Christmas, the tale goes, she woke up and began thinking seriously about running for President. After eight years as president of the American Red Cross, she had tied the place up into a neat little bun-

dle, securing the blood supply and the fund-raising stream, coping with one disaster after another. She began to wonder, What's next? And so she called aides and said, "Let's prepare, in case."

It's a good story, but Elizabeth Hanford Dole, 62, has never done business that way. She and her advisers have been thinking about her running for President since her husband was trounced by Bill Clinton two years ago. By Christmas 1996, Bob Dole was joking about the idea publicly, but a year ago, he says, she told him, "You have to stop kidding about this." She discussed the matter with him seriously, anxious to be sure he had put the defeat behind him emotionally. By last January aides were clucking over polls showing that she might pull independent women voters back to the G.O.P. fold for the first time in 20 years. They spent last summer puzzling through how she would cope with all the personal scrutiny politics brings—not because she has something to hide but because she hasn't. An adviser quipped that to make Liddy Dole seem more credible in

this political climate, they would have to invent a sex scandal for her.

She's credible now. The latest TIME/CNN poll shows Dole running a strong second behind Texas Governor George W. Bush in the race for the G.O.P. primary. A general-election matchup between Dole and Gore, the poll suggests, would be a dead heat. Dole told TIME she wants to "talk with people, listen, do some traveling and a lot of praying" in the next few weeks. But those around her believe all systems are go. "Once she gets into it," says Bob Dole, "she's into it."

His wife is lucky to be stouthearted because she is jumping into a race dominated by the suicide faction of the G.O.P.—the one that has driven the House to impeachment, hurt its fund raising, weakened its hold on Congress and scared others out of the race. This ugly environment may help explain why front runner Bush has for weeks been so strangely coy about his plans, in hopes of lowering the near impossible expectations piling up around him. Millionaire publishing tycoon Steve Forbes, in his fourth year

■ If you were asked today to vote for a Republican for President, whom would you choose?^a

George W. Bush	38%
Elizabeth Dole	26%
Dan Quayle	7%
Steve Forbes	5%
John McCain	4%

■ If an election were held today, for whom would you vote?

George W. Bush	49%
Al Gore	46%
Elizabeth Dole	48%
Al Gore	45%

■ Do you have a favorable impression of Elizabeth Dole?

Yes	60%
No	15%

a. Based on a telephone poll of 1,067 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on Jan. 7 by Louis Harris Associates Inc. Sampling error is ± 3%. "Net error" (method of 300 Republicans and Republican-leaning voters. Sampling error ± 4.5).

TURN

G.O.P. ever be the same?

of nonstop campaigning, has replaced his passion for the flat tax with sermons on abortion, winning few converts. John McCain, the maverick Arizona Senator, announced his semi-candidacy last week by talking about campaign-finance reform, and former Education Secretary Lamar Alexander jumped in (again). The party's absolutist wing looks like a scrappyard. Last week it saw its darling, Senator John Ashcroft of Missouri, announce that he would not seek the nomination at all.

Dole brings something to the party's civil war that her rivals do not. A generation of Republican candidates have courted religious activists with position papers; Liddy courts them with piety. She tries to devote 30 minutes to Bible study every day and can move the faithful with her Scripture-packed story of rediscovering God at mid-life. She has opposed abortion except in the case of rape, incest or endangering the life of the mother, but she makes the activists nervous. Antiabortion language had a way of disappearing from drafts of her speeches in 1996. Dole is betting that her faith will

overcome any shortcomings on policy.

What makes Dole a contender with the broader public is her experience using government to make small but highly popular changes in the quality of people's lives—the platform Bill Clinton ran on in 1996. After a stint at the Federal Trade Commission, Dole served as Secretary of Transportation under Reagan and Secretary of Labor under Bush. She can take some credit for air bags, airline safety measures and the brake light on the rear windshield of cars. She helped push for the first minimum-wage increase in eight years. These are badges that could help her bring independent voters, particularly women, into primaries—and make her a target of conservatives like Forbes.

And then there's her husband, who was his own worst enemy in three presidential campaigns but has since become a kind of grouchy national mascot. Bob Dole has been gung ho for a race for months, dropping hints, banging the drum and warning his wife that it is physically punishing. After the announcement, he pasted himself to the TV and gammed out how different media outlets would play the story, thrilled to be back. That's a worry too. He's never met a campaign he didn't try to run. He vows to stay in the background but told TIME, "I don't think I have to crawl in a hole."

Dole could at least raise the money to pay for his mistakes; his wife lacks the network for raising \$20 million in \$1,000 increments. After she made her announcement, Republican National Committee phones lit up in ways they haven't for months. But those donors were the \$10 kind.

Dole has already proved that Bush's front-runner status is tortilla-thin. She is ahead of him in one poll of New Hampshire voters. But if she gets into the race, Liddy's biggest obstacle will be Liddy. Her custom-made pastel suits hide a porcelain performer who is scripted down to her laugh lines and paranoid about surprises. The programmed responses that are acceptable in a First Lady may not work for a candidate, who must see around corners and think fast in the clutch.

Though she delivered a flawless speech last Monday, her gears seized up when Katie Couric asked her the obvious question: Should Clinton be removed from office? And her announcement was rehearsed right down to her exit from the room. By prearrangement, she stopped on the way out to take a spontaneous question from a network correspondent—at a point where some duct tape had been carefully placed on the floor. "She hit her mark perfectly," a former aide said later. "That's discipline." And it's the only way she knows.

—With reporting by Ann Blackman/
Washington

NATION

Party of Five

LISA GRAHAM KEEGAN, WHO HAS just begun her second term as Arizona's superintendent of public instruction, decided to enter politics when she was watching the impeachment and ouster of Governor Evan Mecham. After she became education chief, in 1995, Keegan battled with Governor—and soon to be convicted felon—Fife Symington. When she suggested that he resign, a Symington crony said she was having "a bad hair day." Last week Keegan joined Governor Jane Hull, secretary of state Betsey Bayless, treasurer Carol Springer and attorney general Janet Napolitano (the lone Democrat) in the nation's first all-female state administration. U.S. Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, who is from the state, swore in the "Fab Five," who have captivated the national media. To Arizonans, having women run things is no big deal. The candidates did not make gender an issue; they simply defeated their male opponents. Hull, who took over from Symington in 1995, is known for consensus building. (Hello, Washington?) The five are following an Arizona tradition. In 1914, before most American women had the right to vote, Frances Munds and Rachel Berry were elected to the state legislature. It's too soon to tell if the 1999 dream team is a harbinger of a national trend. However, chauvinists beware. —By Harriet Barovick. Reported by Laura Laughlin/Phoenix



Napolitano, Keegan, Springer, Hull and Bayless have inspired an unofficial state slogan: "Where Women Lead!"

THE ONCE AND FUTURE

By KATI MARTON

IF BILL CLINTON'S PREDICAMENT HAS but one historical precedent, Andrew Johnson's, Hillary Rodham Clinton's current position has none. After surviving the most painful year one could imagine, Hillary has begun to do something no other First Lady—not the second Mrs. Wilson, not Nancy Reagan, not even Eleanor Roosevelt—ever did: create a political base independent of her spouse's. In the new TIME/CNN poll, 70% view her favorably. And her popularity has caused talk, encouraged by New Jersey Senator Robert Torricelli, a close White House ally, that she may run for the Senate from New York in 2000. Though her friends call such a run unlikely—Washington, they say, is the last place she'll want to be in 2001—the First Lady's office has so far done nothing to squelch the idea, which seems to be gaining momentum.

The Clinton marriage is famously, ineffably complex. But presidential marriages are almost always about more than matters of the heart. By the time they enter the White House, a presidential couple have generally forged a partnership that is both political and personal. Once there the First Lady has a dual role to play: internal and external. Successful First Ladies must balance them; if one part overwhelms the other, the result can be disastrous. Take the Wilsons—Woodrow and his second wife Edith, whose 1915 courtship and marriage were the stuff of a romantic novel but catastrophic for the country. After Wilson was felled by a massive stroke in 1919, Edith kept him in office as a form of therapy—she thought a resignation would quicken his death—concealing the truth from the world. Half-paralyzed and nearly blind, Wilson became more rigid in a way that would affect history, refusing to compromise in order to gain Senate approval for American membership in his own creation, the League of Nations. Edith Wilson pulled off a masterful charade for the benefit of Congress and the country, becoming in the process what some called the “28th and a half” President. She skillfully arranged an early version of a photo op for her inert, bedridden husband with pillows in a darkened sickroom. It was all to convince the public that the President was still

in charge. Although she acted out of love, she damaged both the country and Wilson's legacy. “Woodrow Wilson was first my beloved husband whose life I was trying to save,” she said with pride of what she called her stewardship; “after that he was the President of the United States.” Theirs was a White House union based entirely—and tragically—on matters of the heart.

The Roosevelts represent the opposite pole. Their marriage had perhaps not enough heart. Eleanor was the “eyes and ears” of her wheelchair-bound husband, his pipeline to African Americans, Jews and other disfranchised people. Her middle-aged, maternal image gave the New Deal its most compassionate face. In 1940, F.D.R. dispatched Eleanor to the Democratic Convention to quell a revolt against his choice of political outsider Henry Wallace as running mate. “This,” she told the convention, “is no ordinary time,” and the force of her presence ended the crisis.

Comparisons between Eleanor Roosevelt and Hillary Clinton are unavoidable and sometimes startling, though inexact. Eleanor was famously insecure, and Hillary conveys quite the opposite impression. But like Mrs. Clinton, Mrs. Roosevelt needed time to assimilate her nearly impossible job description. She too wanted a “real job” and did not always accept the fact that being First Lady, however ill defined, is a job in itself. Eleanor took a position as assistant director of the Office of Civilian Defense. The press went after her, and F.D.R.'s enemies attacked too—calling her the O.C. Diva, forcing her to resign.

But Eleanor was unwilling to retreat to an inoffensive corner of the White House. Zealous in pushing her causes, she would interrupt Franklin's sacred cocktail hour with a sheaf of policy papers. When, in the last months of her husband's life, Eleanor still pursued her own agenda for good government—berating F.D.R. for the appoint-



The Protector

EDITH WILSON

successfully hid her husband's paralysis, saving his presidency but hurting his legacy

The “Eyes and Ears”

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

took the nation's pulse for her wheelchair-bound husband, and survived marital discord



The Style Setter

JACKIE KENNEDY

brought glamour to the White House and,



The Insider

NANCY REAGAN

was a powerhouse, but Americans were

URE HILLARY

She is one of the most influential First Ladies, but none ever did what she's doing now

ment of two Assistant Secretaries of State whom she considered reactionaries—his aides tried to limit contact between the sick, weary President and his wife. Of course she had her reasons for disengaging emotionally from the marriage—primarily the discovery in 1918 of Franklin's affair with her social secretary. Today we would call the Roosevelts a dysfunctional couple. Yet they constructed rich and varied lives for themselves, filling the void in their marriage with other relationships. But such a union would not be possible today. No present-day occupants of the White House could live as freely and creatively as the Roosevelts did during their 12-year tenure and keep their private life—and wounds—private until years after their death.

As an "external" First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy was in her own way almost as successful as Eleanor Roosevelt. Her sense of history and style captivated the nation and put a stamp on her husband's presi-

dency. Her unforgettable performance as the nation's widow eased us through the nightmare of November 1963. It was only much later that we learned of the harsher truths behind the glittering façade of the Kennedy White House.

Every generation modifies its expectations of the First Lady to reflect its own cultural values. What was admired in Jackie did not work for Nancy Reagan. Criticized in public for her extravagance, Mrs. Reagan was a huge power inside her husband's Administration, a far greater influence on presidential policy than anyone since Mrs. Wilson. It was not until years later, when Ronald Reagan's Alzheimer's condition was disclosed, that the nation began to take Nancy Reagan to its heart. Lady Bird Johnson (still a beloved national figure), Rosalynn Carter and Barbara Bush all managed to balance the external and internal functions of First Lady. They were good performers, good wives and good political

partners. All of them promoted important causes—but none was an independent political figure. Nor was Betty Ford, an ordinary political housewife catapulted into an extraordinary role. To her credit, Mrs. Ford spoke with therapeutic candor to a nation looking for relief from Vietnam and Watergate, showing that the First Family was, well, just like any other American family, with secrets and troubles of its own, from her children's experimenting with marijuana to her dependency on prescription drugs. Her exuberant nature—she once danced on the polished Cabinet table—helped chase away the Watergate blues. In fact, today Betty Ford's image—and the famed center for substance-abuse treatment that bears her name—is more sharply etched in our memory than her husband's.

Difficult Pat Nixon is the pre-eminent example of the First Lady as victim. We remember her not for all her good works for children and the elderly, but as a lonely woman standing near her husband on his last day in office as he rambled on about his sainted mother, oblivious to his wife. Even her official White House portrait is sad.

Watching Pat Nixon made us feel bad. Not so with Hillary Clinton. Nor can we imagine Mrs. Clinton saying of her husband, as Eleanor Roosevelt did—with typical self-elevation and not entirely accurately—"I was one of those who served his purposes." Part of Mrs. Clinton's achievement last year was the way she reclaimed a measure of privacy for herself after her husband's public admission of infidelity—not by pulling back like Mamie Eisenhower but by refusing to play by the prevailing rules of the confessional age. Affirming her right to privacy, she focused on the issues, found her own voice and set her own boundaries. The nation seems willing to abide by them, a reaction without precedent in American history.

When Eleanor Roosevelt left the White House, she told the press, "The story is over." That prediction turned out to be far off the mark. No one would think it about Hillary Rodham Clinton. The next act will be, I suspect, even more fascinating for the woman who continues to change the rules and the role of the First Lady. ■

Kati Marton, an author, is working on a book about presidential marriages

SENATOR CLINTON?

■ Would you like to see Hillary Rodham Clinton run for the U.S. Senate?

Yes	47%
No	49%

■ If Hillary Clinton were running for the Senate in your state, would you vote for her?

Definitely vote for, or consider voting for	59%
---	-----

Not vote for her under any circumstances	39%
--	-----

from a TIME/CNN poll



The Power Broker

HILLARY CLINTON.

the first presidential spouse to create her own political base, could become the first to run for office

READY TO RUMBLE

"Hoo-yah!" Jesse Ventura takes office as Governor of Minnesota with the battle cry of the Navy SEALs

By STEVE LOPEZ ST. PAUL

JESSE VENTURA WAKES up on another below-zero morning in St. Paul, Minn., and looks around the room.

Yep. He's still in the nine-bedroom, seven-fireplace Tudor mansion. He must still be the Governor.

What a week!

The man who used to drop people on their head for a living, and is now doing the same to the two-party system, puts on a pair of lime green Lycra shorts, a white T shirt and some New Balance sneakers. He still doesn't know what's behind every door of the sprawling three-story Governor's manse with the four-room kitchen, but he knows the gym is somewhere upstairs.

His wife Terry, who was much more comfortable on their horse farm, is on a treadmill when Jesse gets there. She tells him how to kick-start the other one, whose dashboard rivals the space shuttle's.

While working up a 20-minute sweat, Jesse ("the Body") trashes the press, talks budget strategy, shares foreign-policy views and taunts a former pro-wrestling nemesis named Jerry ("the King") Lawler.

"I hope we're not over [teenage son] Ty's room," the First Lady of Minnesota says as the floor quakes under her 6-ft. 4-in., 260-lb. husband.

"It's all right," the sweaty Governor responds in a voice as muscular as his 18-in. biceps. "He's woke us up enough times."

Nearly 2½ centuries into the American



JESSE, ONCE "THE BODY," NOW "THE MIND," shakes hands with a fan on inauguration day as wife Terry looks on

experiment, it's not always clear which way the Republic is headed. But in a year that began with career politicians wrestling in Washington and a career wrestler politicking in Minnesota, we may finally have found True North.

On Monday the Reform Party Governor and former wrestling bad boy in a feather boa asked Minnesotans to continue setting a national example for civic participation (roughly 60% of registered voters cast their ballots in November, in contrast to 36% nationally) and ended his inaugural speech with the Navy SEAL rally cry "Hoo-yah!"

On Tuesday he met face-to-face with the house speaker, a Republican, to partner a proposed \$1 billion tax rebate.

On Wednesday he appointed three department heads—one Democrat, one Republican, one Reform Party member.

Ventura, who pulled off a stunning upset in November by tapping into public disgust over militant partisanship, is all over the place. He's a third-party Governor who has Republicans running one chamber and Democrats the other, so nobody knows how it will all work.

And so far nobody cares.

Shaved heads have become a fashion trend. Nearly 14,000 seats for the Jan. 16 inaugural party at the sports arena were gone in little more than a day. Jesse action figures are on order. Business has picked up at Navy recruiting centers. Thirteen hundred business leaders gave Ventura a standing ovation. A college crowd yelled for a band to get off the stage so the Governor could come out. The World Wrestling Federation rushed out a commemorative video titled *The Mouth, the Myth, the Legend*. And a capitol lobbyist said Ventura doesn't have the foggiest notion how government works.

It was all so fat and wonderful you almost wanted to move to the Minnesota tundra and forget questions about whether Jesse can govern or whether tripartisan politics will be a fetid swamp. You also wanted to forget that Jesse kept speaking in bromides and stuck to a schedule of at least one head-smackingly dumb remark daily, reminding everyone that hoo-yah! is awfully close to yahoo.

His own advisory committee wondered whether to muzzle him after Ventura mused that his wife ought to collect a state paycheck for running the mansion and planning soirées. But Jesse's appeal to voters was that he comes unwrapped, so the advisers left him to his ways.

Columnists will be ever grateful. During a one-hour call-in show on radio, Ventura, who's been a small-town mayor and a Twin Cities shock jock, said he liked tackling issues with a philosophy he calls kix. It stands for "Keep it simple and stupid."

In a visit to the University of Minnesota, Jesse talked about honesty and integrity to thousands of raving students and then abruptly shifted gears: "Win if you can, lose if you must, but always cheat." It was Jesse's wrestling slogan, and it might work in poker and horse racing, but you hoped someone was around to begin heart massage on the university regents.

"I think the very fact that Jesse won because of his celebrity is most distressing," says Steve Schier, a political-science professor at Carleton College. "There was this generational appeal for a wrestler by young voters who never cast a ballot before. It was not clear if they cared whether he could do the job."

There are no great mysteries here, professor. Here is exactly what voters care about:



THE GOVERNOR
soon found the gym
in the mansion that
he now calls home

Nothing going on in American politics connects with them in any way. They turn on the television and can't tell if they're watching a Hair Club commercial or another impeachment hearing. They listen to the crafted drone of national and state party blather, and their eyes roll back.

Then comes Jesse.

"Kids who work in my office with rings in their noses and blue hair wanted to know how to register to vote," says Sandra Gardebring, a University of Minnesota administrator.

Ventura is nothing like anybody who ever passed this way, so it's hard to make predictions, but that's part of his appeal. And however things turn out, he can't be worse than the other hyenas in high places. "Isn't politics 90% showmanship anyway?" asks Jim Murphy, a tattooed bouncer at Billy's on Grand, a St. Paul bar.

At the University of Minnesota, students said they voted for Ventura even though he had told them to quit looking for government handouts and put themselves through school. "I agree with him," said Andrew Labonte, 21, an advertising major who works 30 hours a week.

So does Jerome Wagner, a 75-year-old former science teacher who shrugged off a 40-below chill factor to attend Ventura's swearing-in. "He's got the physical presence to take the two little guys next to him and say, 'Hey, could you guys stop this? Let's go down the middle of the road.'"

And here's how he might do that:

"Jesse was a brawling-type, punch-and-kick kind of guy, and he had this big flying elbow drop," says wrestler Lawler, the man who nearly broke comedian Andy Kaufman's neck with a pile driver. Now that politics and pro wrestling have melded, Lawler is contemplating a run for mayor of Memphis, Tenn.

There may be no more appropriate lab in which to study the Jesse phenomenon than the Mall of America, which is referred to by all six or seven cynics in Minnesota as the Fall of America. On an upper level there's a Planet Hollywood next to a Hooters. Several Hooters waitresses are split on Jesse's virtues.

Erin wouldn't even have voted if not for Jesse, but Trista wasn't that impressed. A third waitress, not crazy about either Jesse or being a Hooters girl, asked TIME to make up a name for her. O.K., we can do that. "I think it's stupid to cut tuition credits," said Bambi. "And all he ever talks about is how he was a Navy SEAL."

At the other end of the Mall of America, Sandra Freese is buying a Jesse's World Order T shirt for her son Travis' 10th birthday. "He's starting to ask a lot of questions

about politics," she says, drawn by his interest in Ventura.

How can this be a bad thing?

You need go no further than room 315 in the capitol for an answer to that question. During the campaign, a Ventura TV ad depicted a Jesse action figure beating up Evil Special Interest Man. Room 315 is Evil Special Interest Man's office, and several hundred of his clones work there.

"I'm a skeptic," said a lobbyist who paled at the thought of giving his name. It's especially important that a novice like Ventura hear the needs of farmers, truck drivers, doctors, teachers, etc., the lobbyist said. "It takes more than sound bites to run a state with a \$20 billion budget."

Guess how many lobbyists have tried to get to see Ventura. Over 200, Jesse says. And how many has he met with?

"None."

But he has surrounded himself with people who know what they're doing, and he was working 12-to-14-hour days last week boning up on government drek and going to meetings. And he relentlessly preaches self-sufficiency. "Government cannot be your parent," Ventura said on a radio talk show when callers complained that they couldn't afford housing or insurance.

It remains to be seen, of course, how long the big guy can tell struggling Minnesotans to fend for themselves while he drives his Porsche out to the 32-acre horse ranch, the Governor's mansion or the lake cabin. But the truth is, it's going to be hard for him to screw things up.

The Minnesota economy is good, expected budget surpluses are huge, and legislators all face re-election in the year 2000. "If they buck me," Jesse says, "the public may say, 'Hey, let's throw the bums out.'"

Ventura met last week with house speaker Steve Sviggum, a Republican, on the house's \$1 billion tax-rebate plan. Sviggum brought another legislator with him. Jesse had four staff members on his side, armed with background.

So who did the talking?

Jesse.

"I was impressed with his ability to take control of the meeting," Sviggum said. "He's going to be wonderful to work with."

As for the Gov, he's feelin' good. He compares himself to Rocky, to Muhammad Ali, to Viking quarterback Randall Cunningham, who resurrected a dead career.

Any regrets after a week in the job?

Hoo-yah! Dumb question. Like Jesse told the kids at U.M., if a guy like him could be elected Governor, anything's possible.

"Tourism's gonna go up," he says. "People are going to come to Minnesota just to look at the people who voted me in." —With reporting by Autumn De Leon and Kermit Pattison



CONSTANT VIGIL: Sherry Meadows watches over her husband John, who has Alzheimer's

Help for Life's Long Night

Clinton proposes a tax credit for protracted illness

SHERRY MEADOWS, A TAX ASSESSOR in Mount Vernon, Ill., first considered long-term insurance in 1992 as her 50th birthday made her ponder old age. But she put it off, shocked by the high premiums and thinking she and husband John had some time. But by 1997, he was found to have Alzheimer's. Now Sherry's life is about loss—of John, 56, and of life as she knew it. Only work interrupts her constant vigil. There are no nights off from tending to John since she can't afford the \$125-a-day fee for what has come to be known as respite care. Day care alone now comes to \$700 a month. "I could kick myself for not taking out the insurance," she says. "But I had no idea we'd be facing this."

Last week Sherry and millions like her were understandably attentive as the President unveiled a five-year, \$6.2 billion long-term-care package. The plan includes \$5.5 billion for an annual \$1,000 tax credit for those who need or are providing care, and \$125 million to pay for caregiver courses and respite services. Clinton could not have found a sweeter spot, since 5 million Americans need such care, a necessity that has a quarter of families caring for a relative over 50. Yet with the national average cost of care being \$47,000 a year, the \$1,000 credit will barely make a dent in those bills.

The best part of Clinton's plan may be the respite grants, which will help 250,000 families take a much needed break. The rest

of the package is based on the wan hope that the market will somehow correct itself; the bill tries to nudge it that way. Over 60% of Medicare users believe their program covers long-term care, a fallacy that leaves them unprepared for protracted illness. Medicaid, the state and federal health program for the poor, does cover long-term care, and those without insurance often end up in its arms—after care costs have gutted their savings. Clinton's plan will spend \$10 million to warn Medicare recipients to prepare—but prepare how? A bare-bones policy can cost a 65-year-old \$2,000 a year; by 75, the premium could reach \$7,000 a year.

So what should Clinton have proposed? Even his critics have no concrete plans of their own. Some make vague suggestions about stock market-based fixes. A few states are offering tax breaks as incentives to purchase insurance. But no proposal looks like a national panacea. Other experts suggest raising the Medicaid income eligibility level but can't say how to pay the huge bill.

The best chance for a fix may come as 76 million baby boomers retire over the next 30 years—what Clinton calls the "senior boom." That generation could change the face of America again, forcing reform by demanding better care packages from employers and new solutions from government. But if it fails, Sherry Meadows' stressed-out life could become a sad, bitter reality for tens of millions more.

—By Tamala M. Edwards.
Reported by Dick Thompson/Washington



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BUGGING SADDAM

Sure, we did it, says the U.S., but only to help the U.N. dig out Iraq's most horrible weapons

By BRUCE W. NELAN

IF BILL CLINTON CAN ASK US TO PONDER what is, we should probably not be surprised when Saddam Hussein forces us to clarify what spying is. For years the Iraqi dictator has insisted that the U.N. inspectors rummaging through his country in search of concealed weapons were no more than CIA agents working for Washington. Saddam is a poor candidate for victimhood, but last week his protests got a boost as a leak-and-leak-again battle between the U.N. and the U.S. spun out. The suggestion: U.S. spies had used UNSCOM, a purportedly neutral U.N. commission, to collect lethal targeting intelligence about Saddam while masquerading as independent inspectors. It was a shocking charge—as if Girl Scouts peddling cookies were also casing your house for a burglary—and American officials were quick to shoot back. We may have spied, they said, but we spied only to help the U.N. inspectors.

UNSCOM was set up in 1991 as part of the truce agreement to end the Gulf War. It had a simple mission: to verify the destruction of Saddam's remaining missile, chemical- and biological-weapons capability. But U.N. inspectors quickly hit a wall: Saddam had no intention of cooperating with their inspections. So, eager to do their jobs, they turned from monitoring to spying to uncover his hidden caches. In interviews with key intelligence and military officials, TIME has pieced together that slow slide into espionage—one that peaked last March when a specially trained operative from the Pentagon's Defense Intelligence Agency slipped into Iraq as part of an UNSCOM team. U.S. officials stressed to TIME that they never misused the inspection agency. Explained an exasperated White House aide: "The whole purpose of UNSCOM was to spy on Iraq."

HOW THE U.S. KEPT TRACK OF SADDAM

UNSCOM's spying activities began in earnest in 1992, when the U.N. sent out a call for help from member states in tracking Saddam's chemical- and biological-weapons activities. In response, the U.S. Air Force lent the U.N. a U-2 spy plane and crew and provided highly detailed photos from its KH-12 spy satellites orbiting above Iraq. According to UNSCOM head Richard Butler, the U.S. was not alone: 40 or more other nations contributed. Many have sent intelligence and weaponry experts to serve on the inspection teams. France, Britain and Russia did so—with Russia even sending a senior KGB officer who had previously served in New York City.

But UNSCOM, which never had an intelligence section of its own, found out how much it still didn't know in 1995, when Saddam's brother-in-law, Lieut. General Hussein Kamel al-Majid, defected to Jordan and laid out for his debriefers the details of Saddam's elaborate concealment system. It was operated, Kamel told the CIA, by the Special Republican Guard and the Special Security Organization, the same outfits that serve as Saddam's personal and palace guards.

The inspectors decided they needed scanners and recorders that would let

them listen in on the security forces as they shuttled weaponry, components, technical manuals and chemical and biological materials around Iraq. Scott Ritter, the former U.S. Marine major who was then a leading UNSCOM inspector, traveled to Israel and persuaded that country's intelligence agency, the Mossad, to provide scanners to tap into the radio and cell-phone frequencies used by the Iraqi security units.

At first, officials told TIME, the inspectors carried the scanners around the country in backpacks. By the end of 1997, however, Butler and his colleagues were

ELECTRONIC INTELLIGENCE

Listening to the Guardians

Once the inspectors learned who was hiding Iraq's weapons of mass destruction, they set up a system to eavesdrop on the Iraqi security services. First they carried fairly ordinary scanners and recorders. But later, with the help of the CIA and the NSA, they installed bugs that taped and then relayed voice communications from the security networks



HUMAN INTELLIGENCE

People on the Ground

When UNSCOM recruited staff, many countries volunteered specialists. Some were spies, at least by profession—but you can't get experts on chemical weapons and concealment techniques from the Salvation Army. UNSCOM boss Butler, left, insists the U.N. did not know of any free-lance spying by these pros



I R A Q

worried that it was becoming too dangerous. A search by the Iraqis would have revealed that select team members were wired up with special recording and eavesdropping devices. Another problem was the sheer volume of information that was flooding in over these taps. The British, who had been deciphering the tapes, were tired of digging through thousands of hours of Arabic conversations—99% of which was useless.

Washington and its National Security Agency came up with a solution: an automated system that did not put people at risk. The NSA has a team of covert operatives who work with agents in the CIA's Science and Technology Directorate to manufacture the highly sophisticated ground scanners and signal interceptors that the U.S. plants in foreign countries. To intercept signals, the NSA and S&T teams developed miniaturized monitors that are concealed in everyday objects such as lamps, phones, signposts, building gutters and commercial electric equipment. The CIA even has its own secret factory, which pro-

duces microbatteries no bigger than fingernail clippings to power the devices. For the Baghdad operations, the CIA-NSA team built special devices and concealment packages so the bugs wouldn't be detected by the Iraqis.

In March 1998, Defense Intelligence Agency agents slipped into Baghdad as UNSCOM operatives to install the devices covertly. The new devices were unmanned, hidden in seemingly benign objects—relieving inspectors of the dangerous backpacks. Signals intercepted by the new hardware were beamed up to a satellite and downloaded to the NSA's headquarters at Fort Meade in Maryland. The agency then used supercomputers that were alerted to key words to help "listen" to conversations and edit out irrelevant chatter.

U.S. officials concede that the NSA bug-bats did record information that could be used to track Saddam's security team and provide details on possible bombing targets. But it provided no more than incremental help. After all, the U.S. was already focusing massive intelligence resources against Iraq, so the contribution of a few

small taps was like the patter of raindrops on a lake. Explains a senior intelligence official: "There was useful information, but it helped us only moderately." Anyway, asks another senior spy, if they happened to pick up something interesting, "are we supposed to put our fingers in our ears?"

Like the inspectors, the tiny bugs are out, carried

away in the baggage when the U.N. left Iraq last December (officials wanted to make sure the Iraqis would never find them). They will probably never go back. Clinton Administration officials are convinced that senior members of U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan's staff, if not Annan himself, leaked statements of his "concern" about U.S. intelligence assistance in order to smear Butler and put an end to UNSCOM as it is constituted at present.

Butler is a tough, outspoken Australian and under his direction the inspectors have been willing to call the Iraqis on their cheating. He and Annan, who favors a less confrontational approach to Iraq, have been known to butt heads and, insiders said, what better way to get rid of Butler than to float tales of his collaboration with U.S. spies? Butler, clearly flustered by the revelations, hinted last week that he might not stay around after his appointment expires in June. He could go sooner if the Security Council does nothing to revive inspections.

And it probably will not. A significant faction at the U.N., including not only staff members close to Annan but also three members of the Security Council—China, France and Russia—would like to see UNSCOM replaced by monitors who could work more harmoniously with the Iraqis. Presumably they would do that by avoiding confrontations—that is, serious inspections. If that plan were carried out, Saddam and his hidden weapons would be home free, and he could begin switching his image from victim to victor. But even then—especially then—U.S. spying would not come to a halt.

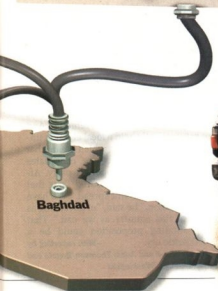
—Reported by

William Dowell/U.N. and Mark Thompson and Douglas Waller/Washington

OVERHEAD SURVEILLANCE

Eyes in the Sky—and Space—over Iraq

The U.S. has chipped in major reconnaissance support to help UNSCOM track Saddam's weapons sites and surreptitious transfers among hiding places. The Air Force provided a U-2 spy plane, which supplied photographs. Washington also provides high-resolution pictures from the most advanced spy satellite in orbit, the KH-12



ON A MISSION:
U.N. inspectors in
Baghdad before
the bombings

The Last Best Hope

HEROIC EFFORT President Pastrana, unarmed, looking as peaceable as possible (note white shirt open at collar), came ready to deal. But goodwill wasn't enough

BLOW OFF The Marxist guerrillas dressed for revolution, not peace. Leader Manuel ("Sureshot") Marulanda snubbed the opening of talks and sent lieutenants

PACKING HEAT The rebels bristled with guns, part of an awesome display of hardware, proof that dirty money buys a lot of firepower



The Backyard Balkans

Colombia's President isn't only fighting drug lords, he's also struggling to hold his country together

By TIM PADGETT CAQUETA

DESPITE ITS VIOLENT DRUG CARTELS, Colombia has been regarded by most Americans as something less than a national security threat. But today Americans have to consider what might be called Yugo-lombia, the possibility that the country could soon be cleaved into three volatile, Balkan-like states as a result of a boiling 34-year-old civil war. Much of the north is already ruled by right-wing paramilitary groups that are notorious drug traffickers. A dysfunctional federal government and a feeble military cling to the nation's urban midsection. And more than 20,000 Marxist guerrillas lord over the vast south, where they control Colombia's borders, make a fortune on kidnappings and guard the coca harvests used to make cocaine. Add in the thousands of refugees fleeing massacres perpetrated by all sides, and America has a backyard Balkans for the 21st century.

Last Thursday marked what may be Colombia's best chance to avert a hellish future. At the southern town of San Vicente del Caguán, inside the jungle realm of the biggest and fiercest Marxist guerrilla group—the Colombian Revolutionary Armed Forces (FARC)—the rebels and the government of President Andrés Pastrana Arango began the country's third attempt at

peace in 17 years. But the fiesta of tropical bands, stuffed pig and beer, attended by luminaries like Colombia's Nobel laureate Gabriel García Márquez, couldn't rise above the jolting absence of the FARC's mysterious 68-year-old chief, Manuel ("Sureshot") Marulanda. He had been expected to attend but instead left Pastrana forlorn at the head of the table and the peace talks in doubt.

Marulanda privately told government officials he still supports the process but warned, "We will remain in a fighting stance."

The FARC said Marulanda feared an assassination attempt, but many Colombians fear that the guerrillas aren't really serious about peace. Sureshot's snub makes the U.S. nervous as well. If Pastrana's efforts fail to hold Colombia together—if the

FARC solidifies its sovereignty over coca-land—the U.S. war on drugs in Colombia could unravel. Washington spends more than \$100 million annually to help Colombia's national police destroy coca crops but to little avail—largely because the FARC earns 40% of its estimated \$1 billion annual income from a tax it levies on coca farmers to protect their harvests from government eradication.

The security risks associated with a Yugo-lombia are immense. Flanking Colombia's potential meltdown are the Panama Canal—which the U.S. will hand over to

Panama this year—and Venezuela, America's No. 1 foreign source of oil. Already, encroaching Colombian guerrillas are extorting "revolutionary taxes" from Venezuelan landowners.

Those concerns have sparked a growing debate over whether the U.S. should get more involved militarily in Colombia. The U.S. aid packages for the country are explicitly labeled for narcotics work only, to limit the impression that the U.S. supports any kind of anti-Marxist military actions. Though Pentagon officials are privately urging the funding of a new elite Colombian antidrug army corps—which might help check the FARC as a regional security threat—one issue is suggesting an El Salvador-style intervention.

Pastrana, 44, a Conservative who took office last summer, is doing what he can to keep the country intact. By any standard, his trip into the heart of FARC territory last week was courageous. "I did not become President of Colombia to preside over its dissolution," he recently told TIME.

But FARC officials really believe that they could govern their own nation. Along the Caguán River, in southern Caquetá province, the rebels have created their own public services, including agricultural banks. FARC toll booths along the rugged dirt roads collect 2,000 pesos (\$1.25) a vehicle for improvements. And the FARC recently held a local election under quasi-Marxist rules, which meant that voters could choose among candidates from a single FARC-supported party. Afterward, a FARC leader assured TIME that the party's success will spread. "We have every intention," he said, "of governing as much of this country as we can." That mild-sounding proposition could be a lethal battle cry.

—With reporting by
Cathleen Farrell and Adam Thomson/Bogotá and
Elaine Shannon/Washington



Another year, another revolution.





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The Price of Honor

Jordanians are fighting a brutal Arab tradition—the murder of women for alleged sexual impropriety

By LISA BEYER AMMAN

SIRHAN, A 35-YEAR-OLD MURDERER, is cheerful and relaxed and happy to tell his story. He's especially proud to describe the efficiency with which he shot his young sister Suzanne in the head four times last March. "She came to the house at 8:15," he relates, "and by 8:20 she was dead." Three days before, the 16-year-old girl had reported to police that she had been raped. "She committed a mistake, even if it was against her will," says Sirhan. "Anyway, it's better to have one person die than to have the whole family die from shame."

His is not a logic rare in the Arab world. For centuries, men of the region have engaged in "honor killing," the intrafamily slaughter of allegedly errant females. Women have endured the custom, while legal establishments have tolerated or even condoned it. But now activists in Jordan, backed by the royal family, are dragging the issue out of the darkness. "We are determined to be an example in our part of the world," Queen Noor told CNN's Christiane Amanpour last week in an interview for *NewsStand: CNN & TIME*.

Honor killing has its roots in the crude Arabic expression "a man's honor lies between the legs of a woman." For Arab women, virginity before marriage and fidelity afterward are considered musts. Men are expected to control their female relatives. If a woman strays, it is widely thought, the dignity of the men can be restored only by killing her. In Jordan the 25 or so cases of honor killing documented every year constitute a quarter of all homicides.

The slightest sniff of scandal can be a death warrant. The director of Jordan's National Institute of Forensic Medicine, Dr. Mu'men Hadidi, says that in 80% of the cases in which he conducts a hymenal exam, which is routine in Jordan when a girl has gone missing, the same girl will be returned to him soon after as a corpse, even if she proved to be a virgin. "Once the story is out in the community," says Asma Khader, a lawyer and feminist, "they have to kill." Forbidden sex isn't always the issue. Marrying or divorcing against the family's wishes can also provoke murder.

As is common in the Arab world, the law in Jordan winks at honor killers. If a man catches his wife or a close female relative in the act of adultery and kills her, he is exempt from punishment. If the situation only suggests illicit sex, he's entitled to a reduced sentence. In such cases, jail terms range from a few months to a few years. Sirhan served six months.

For women under threat, there is little recourse. Running away is next to impossible since Arab societies are close-knit and few women have the means to live alone. Jordanian authorities have a bizarre remedy: they jail endangered women. "Rafa," 20, was locked up in an Amman prison after her uncles and brothers vowed to murder her for having a three-day affair with a co-worker. At any one time, Jordan's prisons may house 70 such women. Sometimes they are released after their families promise not to harm them, though that is no guarantee. Suzanne's male relatives signed such a pledge before Sirhan killed her.

Once an unspoken topic, honor killing in recent years has begun to be spotlighted in the media, thanks in part to Rana Husseini, a trailblazing reporter for the English-language *Jordan Times*. Since 1996 the Jordanian Women's Union has operated a hot line for women in distress. Creating a safe house to protect them is the next objective of activists. Abolishing the legal loopholes is another.

Even with such changes, honor killings are hard to combat. Sirhan says that at the time he killed his sister, he thought he was committing a capital crime, yet he wasn't deterred. "I'm proud," he beams. Sirhan served his time at the same prison in which "Rafa" languishes, contemplating her catastrophic three-day romance. "With the mistake I made," she says, "I deserve to die." —With reporting by

Jo LeGood—CNN/Amman

“With the mistake I made, I deserve to die.”

—“Rafa,” above, contemplates her fate in an Amman prison



REDEFINING LUXURY

The fast-growing market for \$30,000-and-up cars is the industry's next big battleground

By **RON STODGHILL II** DETROIT

FOR ALL THEIR IMAGE AS THE CAVIAR of automobile brands, Mercedes-Benz and Jaguar spent much of the past decade longing for a little meat-and-potatoes appeal. Slumping sales in the U.S. had execs worried, as did the rising popularity of Japanese newcomer Lexus. The haughty Germans and the aristocratic Brits realized that the wealthier baby-boomer set—now in a buying frenzy—was turned off by the companies' stuffy image and limited product line.

"Our cars were admired but were perceived as an unattainable icon," concedes Joe Eberhardt, vice president of marketing for Mercedes-Benz North America. "Our problem was, we weren't considered a fun car."

These days, though, both Mercedes and Jaguar have loosened up their styles (although not their steering)—and are ready to take on American carmakers, who have been more intent on defining luxury in terms of bigger, badder sport-utility vehicles. Mercedes' designers and engineers, once stubborn purveyors of Teutonic practicality, are rolling out the

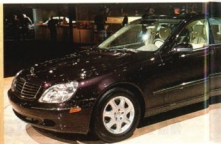
kind of spiffy variety—from elegant sedans to sport utes—to bring it into touch with today's big-spending yet more finicky car buyer. Meanwhile, Jaguar, for the first time in more than a decade, has expanded into a new market segment with its S-Class and plans to introduce a small "Baby Jag" next year.

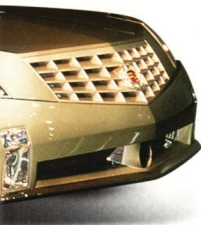
Vehicle vogue seems to have taken a decidedly luxurious turn, if this week's annual North American International Auto Show in Detroit is any indicator. Nearly a dozen automakers are unveiling new models or concept cars aimed at affluent buyers—the goal being to win a place on the open, prosperous highway of the American luxury-car market. Says Michael Dale, president of Jaguar North America: "The economy is wonderful, Wall Street is doing



JAGUAR S-TYPE

Ford-owned Jaguar is counting on this technologically advanced \$45,000-plus model, and on a Baby Jag, to increase worldwide sales fourfold, to 200,000 by 2002





LUXURY

great, and people want to buy a car that feels like more than just transportation. Frankly, you're just not going to get that in a Firebird." John Smith, general manager of GM's Cadillac division, puts it another way: "Baby boomers have always been a relatively self-indulgent generation. Now that they're becoming empty nesters, the luxury segment is benefiting."

If the U.S. auto industry had a good though uneven year in 1998, then many foreign brands had a great one. U.S. manufacturers continue to benefit from the popularity of light trucks and SUVs, sales of which grew 8.2% last year. But in a market in which sales of traditional sedans are stalled, car buyers have lately been going for upscale vehicles at unprecedented levels. In 1998 Mercedes' sales rose 39.2%,

FUTURE LUXE Cadillac's proposed Evoq roadster, with a 405-hp engine, could help regain some of the brand's cachet

Jaguar's increased 15.4%, Lexus' jumped 60.2% (partly due to the addition of the RX300 to its lineup), while Audi's and Porsche's rose 39% and 33%, respectively. Overall sales of luxury cars, roughly defined as anything selling for more than \$30,000, accounted for 15.1% of the passenger cars sold in the U.S. during the first quarter, up from 9% just five years ago.

Indeed, the luxury movement represents the industry's first significant market shift since the introduction of the minivan and the Jeep Grand Cherokee in the mid-1980s. And it suggests that the old model developed by General Motors' Alfred P. Sloan in the early 1920s, which sliced the industry into carefully graded segments and moved consumers up as their income rose, may be headed for extinction. Instead, as automakers lavish more and more attention on a narrower, wealthier band of consumer, the U.S. is moving to a more European marketing model built around sales of luxury cars to the affluent and small, inexpensive shoeboxes on wheels for everyone else.

The rub for American car-makers is that they will not necessarily be the beneficiaries as the number of wealthy boomers expands over the next decade. Experts predict that the gradual drift away from American-made luxury cars toward such European models as Mercedes and BMW will only accelerate. According to Ward's AutoInfoBank, European brands account for more than a third of U.S. luxury-car sales, and Mercedes and BMW are leading with about 10% apiece.

For the home teams, the boom in top-of-the-line sport-utility vehicles has helped

expand the market for luxury in new directions and fatten the profits of General Motors, Ford and Chrysler as Motown-made Navigators, Expeditions and Grand Cherokees have amassed the lion's share of the SUV segment. Last year SUVs accounted for 17.7% of overall Big Three sales, up from 12.7% five years ago. But even that segment is under pressure. In Detroit this week

BMW is unveiling its X5, a so-called sport-activity vehicle that combines the company's vaunted performance with a light truck's capability. Mercedes' American-made M-Class SUV is already a hit.

Much of the Big Three's luxury lag has to do with changing consumer tastes. The high-end market has detoured dramatically from the posh, living-room-on-wheels tradition of Cadillacs and Lincolns that once defined upper-middle-class status. Today's luxury buyers, guided by the Information Age, are less extravagant, more practical and technologically sharper.

"The status symbol used to be 'I've got money,'" says Jim Press, general manager of Toyota Motor Sales USA. "But here in the late 1990s, it's 'I've got good taste.' The days of conspicuous consumption are gone."

In many cases, American automakers are left with the tough work of revamping their luxury cars to appeal to young buyers, while maintaining their hold on older ones who never took to European brands the way their children have. Ford recently unveiled its all-new LS8, a rear-wheel-drive, technologically loaded sedan tweaked and tuned by Jaguar. Chrysler, which has scored a connection to boomers with its Jeep Grand Cherokee, last year launched the 300M, a sleek, import-fighting luxury sedan that competes against such other luxury se-



Downshifting

Foreign manufacturers now sell more luxury cars in the U.S. than American automakers do



* Through November
Source: Ward's AutoInfoBank
TIME Graphics by Joe Zeff

MERCEDES S500

Already a success in Europe and deemed by experts to be one of the world's best mass-produced luxury cars, the \$50,000-plus sedan topped AAA's 180-model 1999 road test



BMW X5

Makes a run at the SUV crowd with this SAV—as in sport-activity vehicle. The difference, says the company, is that the SAV's comfort and ride match a BMW sedan's

AFTER THE BUG, THE BIRD: DETROIT GOES RETRO



AMERICAN ICON: The 1950s Thunderbird was a badge of postwar enthusiasm and prosperity that became a collector favorite

GONE ARE THE BULLET HEAD LAMPS, THE BIG CHROME bumpers and the whitewalls. But it hasn't lost those signature portholes, the oval grille or, most important, the silver badge with the turquoise inlay. Make no mistake: the T-Bird is back. Rolled out last week to a roaring crowd at the North American International Auto Show, the 2001 model is more muted than the 1955 original, but it's still very Beach Boys. The original Thunderbird, after all, was the car that virtually defined America's postwar enthusiasm—an age of relative innocence. Says J Mays, Ford Motor Co. vice president for design: "We're trying to communicate traditional optimism, confidence, relaxed sportiness and American fun."

The 2001 T-Bird, which Ford expects to launch next year for between \$30,000 and

\$40,000, is the leader of a pack of retro-mobiles. The current obsession with throwbacks traces to the early 1990s with Dodge trucks, but the movement got a power boost from Viper and Prowler roadsters. Then came the wildly popular "new" Volkswagen Beetle. Last week the floodgates opened, as automakers unveiled models like a revived Chevy Impala, a new Dodge Charger and even a Nissan Z concept, modeled after the sporty Datsun 240Z of the 1970s.

Re-creating the T-Bird required some auto archaeology for the designers, several of whom weren't even concepts when the original was born. They collected vintage models on which to base the new version. The result is a silky interpretation of the original, built on ultramodern innards.

Detroit's wheels see the past as prologue. "We went through this period where you couldn't tell products apart," says Tom Gale, DaimlerChrysler's design chief, whose latest offering is the snazzy Chrysler PT Cruiser, a cross between a minivan and a 1930s roadster. "Now we're finally starting to see a little more identity." Isn't it nice? —By

Frank Gibney Jr. With reporting by Joseph R. Szczeny/Detroit



DESIGN BOSS: J Mays is restyling Ford



dans as the BMW 3 Series and Audi A4. "Our cars became boring, and we lost some ground," says John Sloan, director of DaimlerChrysler's large-car operations in Auburn Hills, Mich. "But our 300M makes you fantasize about driving Route 1 in California."

GM, which pioneered the luxury segment in the U.S., is aggressively pushing to preserve its eroding lead. Last year the company rolled out the Cadillac Seville STS, which blends the raw power and agility reserved for its Chevrolet Corvette with a cabin as quiet as the best European and Japanese sedans. And in Detroit this week executives are introducing what they trumpet as "the future of Cadillac" in

a concept car called Evoq, a two-seat roadster with a supercharged V-8 engine, boasting such features as a voice-activated navigation system and e-mail that flashes everything from news bulletins to stock quotes.

Smart gadgetry for safety and entertainment represents the new lap of luxury. The BMW 740i, for example, can be equipped with a navigation and traction control system that acclimates from driving on normal pavement to moving through a winter storm with the touch of a switch. Road-weary travelers might prefer GM's sophisticated stability system, which uses two-directional sensors attached to the car's suspension, steering column and

brakes to keep the car on its intended course. Mercedes last year began offering near obstacle detection, which uses radar to alert drivers to objects close by.

American execs, known for overindulging in the hottest trend of the day, insist they'll tread lightly on the techie gizmos for now. Real luxury should simplify a driver's life, not complicate it, they say. "Some of these kinds of items come in handy," says DaimlerChrysler's Sloan. "But we have to be careful about creating too much driver distraction." Maybe so. For now, though, the biggest distractions seem to be parked in rival dealers' lots.

—With reporting by Joseph R. Szczeny/Detroit

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THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT?

The millennium bug could bite VCRs, ICBMs and more. Doomsayers say it's all in God's endgame

By RICHARD LACAYO

2000 zero zero

Party's over, oops! Out of time!

—From 1999, by the Millennial Prophet
Formerly Known as Prince

TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS TO make your home truly millennium ready, you have to visit the Eckharts of rural Lisbon, Ohio. Bruce Eckhart, 44, an automation technician for Daimler-Chrysler, his wife Diane, 41, and their 11-year-old daughter Danielle are models of apocalyptic pluck. It's not just the gas-powered home generator they bought in case of massive power outages. It's not the year's supply of dehydrated

food in their basement or their stockpiles of canned chicken chow mein. It's the water bed. The collapse of public utilities is one of the big worries among the Y2K-anxious—meaning people concerned about the breakdown of *everything* because of the millennium bug that could lead to serious computer malfunction in the year 2000. (More on that later.) So the Eckharts bought Danielle a water bed. That way, in a pinch, they have an extra 300 gallons on hand. Danielle is a little nonplussed. "I hope we don't end up drinking my bed," she says.

Diane, whose energy and good humor are infectious, thinks planning for the millennium has been a family blessing. "We used to fight like cats and dogs, but this has brought us closer together. We have a com-





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bine UFO lore with rough-and-ready bits of Christianity. In 1997 a group of them settled in Garland, Texas, to await the end, dressed in white outfits, including white cowboy hats. "What all these movements have in common is the belief that the world is on its last legs," says Marina Benjamin, author of *Living at the End of the World*. "It's crumbling, demonic, demented."

So much the better that the Y2K bug is something akin to the original sin of technological society, a mortal flaw bred in the very bones of the modern world. And that the proposed solution is a head-for-the-hills survivalism that speaks nicely to the enduring American fascination with ingenuity and self-reliance. And as it has for decades, the prospect of apocalypse now



also offers the promise of escape to millions of people alienated from a civilization of intimidating global corporations, boundless personal gratification and unnerving manipulations of nature, like cloning.

History, of course, is littered with premature prophets of doom. One of America's largest millennial movements was led by William Miller, a 19th century farmer. On Oct. 22, 1844, many of his 50,000 followers took to the hilltops, waiting in vain for the appearance of Christ and an army of angels. By the latter half of that century, two end-time views had become dominant among Protestant groups. "Premillennialism" imagined Christ appearing on earth during the reign of the Antichrist. "Post-millennialism" taught that

Christ would return only after Christians had first established their own thousand-year reign of righteousness. And a more recent splinter of post-millennialism is "Reconstructionism," founded by Rousas John Rushdoony. It holds that before Christ will return to earth, society must collapse and then be rebuilt along more godly lines.

One prominent Reconstructionist is Gary North, Rushdoony's son-in-law and head of his own Institute for Christian Economics. "Scary Gary's" website is by far one of the most popular Y2K panic centers. "In all of man's history," he has warned, "we have never been able to predict with such accuracy a worldwide disaster of this magnitude. The millennium clock keeps ticking. There is nothing we can do." But he has a few recommendations anyhow: buy gold and grain; quit your job; and find a remote cabin safe from the rioting hordes. He also recommends a two-year subscription (price: \$225) to his newsletter, *Remnant Review*, an offer that appears to reflect a faith that, if nothing else, the mail will keep operating through 2000. As a subscriber incentive he promises "my report on 15 stocks which stand to benefit from this crisis."

GUIDES FOR THE PERPLEXED AND THE PARANOID

To deal with worries about the millennium bug, ranging from financial-record snafus to VCR timers run amuck, the government has set up a consumer hotline (1-888-USA-4-Y2K) and a website (www.y2k.gov). But advice from other sources ("stockpile but don't hoard"; "use solar energy") can raise blood pressure, even as it seeks to reassure. Examples:



You and the Year 2000: A Practical Guide for Things that Matter. By Jeffrey M. Shepard, Ph.D. "For one week prepare and eat only foods from your year-2000 supplies. If a week seems too long for a trial period, a weekend will give you some basic information about what you may be missing ... Did you forget the

spices? Did your three-year-old refuse to eat oatmeal? ... Enjoy the challenge of this test—and the subsequent satisfaction of knowing that you have done a good job and are prepared for the new century."



"Individual Preparation for Y2K" By Paloma O'Riley, in the Utne Reader's Y2K Citizen's Action Guide. (See also www.CassandraProject.org/ and www.utne.com/.) "If heat is cut off, a fireplace, wood stove or freestanding kerosene or propane heater may serve as an alternate heat source ... Expect to wear additional clothes indoors ... If you have children, have them sleep together, between you and your spouse, and/or with the family pet. Dogs, in particular, are great sources of heat."



The American Red Cross's Safety Y2K: What You Can Do to Be Prepared. (See www.redcross.org/disaster/safety/y2k.html.) "Examine your smoke alarms now. If you have smoke alarms that are hardwired into your home's electrical system (most newer ones are), check to see if they have battery backups. Every fall, replace all batteries in all smoke alarms. Be prepared to relocate to a shelter for warmth and protection during a prolonged power outage or if for any other reason local officials request or require that you leave your home. Listen to a battery-operated radio or TV for information about where shelters will be available."



What Will Become of Us? Counting Down to Y2K. Edited by Julian Gregori. "People who have enough spendable gold should be able to survive Y2K and maintain their financial dignity ... Some people ask, 'Isn't it risky to own gold, because the government could confiscate it?' ... The U.S. government still does have the authority to confiscate gold ... But it has never confiscated gold coins that have value to collectors. It is these coins that will probably be the more ready, most valued form of currency between the years 2000-2010."



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technology was available for every computer in the world to become Y2K compliant.

Programmers ignored Bemer's fix. And so did his bosses at IBM, who unwittingly shipped the Y2K bug in their System/360 computers, an industry standard every bit as powerful in the '60s as Windows is today. By the end of the decade, Big Blue had effectively set the two-digit date in stone. Every machine, every manual, every maintenance guy would tell you the year was 69, not 1969. "The general consensus was that this was the way you programmed," says an IBM spokesman. "We recognize the potential for lawsuits on this issue."

No one in the computer industry wanted to rock the boat. And no one could alter the course IBM had set, not even the International Standards Organization, which adopted the four-digit date standard in the 1970s. The Pentagon promised to adopt century-friendly dates around 1974, then sat on its hands. Bemer himself wrote the earliest published Y2K warnings—first in 1971, then again in 1979. Greeted by nothing but derision, he retired in 1982. "How do you think I feel about this thing?" says Bemer, now an officer at his own Y2K soft-

ware firm. "I made it possible to do four digits, and they screwed it up."

Meanwhile, the torch of Y2K awareness passed to a new generation. In the fall of 1977, a young Canadian named Peter de Jager signed on as a computer operator at IBM. His first task was to boot up a nationwide banking system run on an IBM 370. When the machine whirled into life, it asked for the date. As De Jager, a mathematics major straight out of college, entered the number 77, a thought occurred to him. Did this machine care what century it was? With the impetuosity of youth, he marched off to his manager and informed him the computer would not work in the year 2000. The manager laughed and asked De Jager how old he was. This isn't going to be a problem until you're 45, he said. Don't worry, we'll sort it out.

And that, at least for the next 13 years, was the attitude De Jager adopted. "We used to joke about this at conferences," he says. "Irresponsible talk, like 'We won't be around then.'" But by 1991, De Jager, a self-described "nobody" in the industry, had decided he *would* be around. Four years later, he was giving more than 85 lectures a year on the topic and posting regular updates to his site, the Web's first for Y2K warnings, www.year2000.com.

And here's the curious thing. From 1995 on, Y2K awareness had a kind of critical mass. Congress, the White House and the media all got wind of the bug at about the same time. After making too little of the problem for so long, everybody began to make, if anything, too much of it.

Why then, and not two decades earlier?

Why De Jager, and not Bemer? Proximity to the millennium may have had something to do with it as well as the increasingly ominous tone of the warnings. This was Bemer's dry 1979 prophecy of doom: "Don't drop the first two digits. The program may well fail from ambiguity." Twenty years later, here's De Jager's jeremiad: "The economy worldwide would stop ... you would not have water. You would not have power ..."

This alarmist language may yet be justified. By 1999 folly has compounded folly. In many cases, the original COBOL code has been rejiggered so many times that the date locations have been lost. And even when programmers find their quarry, they aren't sure which fixes will work. The amount of code that needs to be checked has grown to a staggering 1.2 trillion lines. Estimates for the cost of the fix in the U.S. alone range from \$50 billion to \$600 billion. As for Y2K compliance in Asian economies still struggling with recession? Forget about it.

The fact is that no one on the planet really knows what will happen when 01-01-00 rolls around. Whether we'll be glad we were panicked into action or we'll disown the doomsayers depends on how diligently the programmers do their job in the next 50 weeks. One thing is already clear. In a century in which man split the atom, spliced genes and turned silicon into data, the tale of Y2K—how we ignored it for 40 years, then flew into a tizzy—will not be remembered as our finest hour.

1979 Bemer makes the first widely published prediction of the Y2K crisis, in the journal *Interface Age*. The reaction is underwhelming; he retires three years later



TIME BOMB: NORAD found out early on that Y2K was bad news for ICBMs

1993 Curious nuke watchers at NORAD turn their computer clocks forward on Jan. 1, 2000—and the CBM alert system crashes

1993 Peter de Jager's seminal "Doomsday 2000" article appears in *Computerworld*; he launches himself on the lecture circuit

1995 IBM finally acknowledges the Y2K bug—and announces plans to help its customers make "timely year 2000 transitions"

1996 At the behest of Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the Congressional Research Service writes its first report on Y2K. Moynihan warns Clinton of the "Year 2000 time bomb"



1997 Trading starts on the "De Jager Year 2000 Index"—a collection of stock options in 18 bug-fixing firms. It jumps 100% in its first year of operation. Y2K consultants, among them the Gartner Group, start cashing in

1997 At an industry summit, Bill Gates blames Y2K worries on those who "love to tell tales of fear." A year later, Microsoft admits being "slow" on the Y2K uptake



1998 Y2K merchandise (mugs, clocks and caps) goes on sale. The White House appoints John Koskinen as its Y2K czar. Most government agencies get a failing grade in Y2K readiness

1999 MARCH 31: Koskinen's preliminary deadline for all computer-system fixes
2000 JAN. 1: The moment of truth



TIME, JANUARY 18, 1999

CLIP: (MUG) DEWALLS MAGAZINE; COMPUTERWORLD



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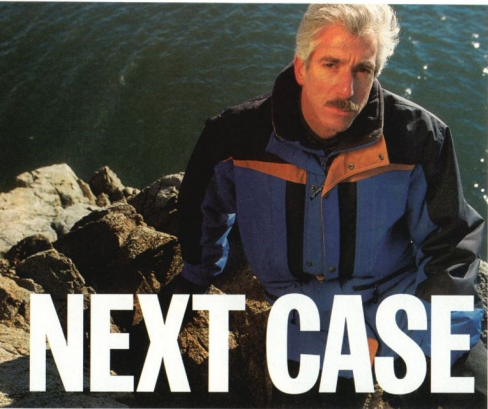
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The real *Civil Action* lawyer is back with a new way to help alleged victims of toxic waste

By ADAM COHEN

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD MICHAEL Glick was diagnosed with neuroblastoma at the age of 3½ months. His cancer—which has spread to his face, bones and heart, filling much of his body cavity—could kill him at any time. Michael is just one of more than 100 children with cancer in or near the small town of Toms River, N.J. (pop. 7,524). It's the kind of disproportionate grouping that epidemiologists call a "cancer cluster." Residents put the blame on local companies that allegedly discharged cancer-causing chemicals into the water supply. Determined to get the situation investigated and their community cleaned up, the families have called in a tall, forceful lawyer from Massachusetts named Jan Schlichtmann. He's helping Toms River fight for justice in a real-life drama brimming with heartbreak, courage and mystery.

Sounds familiar? Didn't you see this on the screen just last weekend at your local multiplex? Toms River could easily be a sequel to *A Civil Action*, the new movie based on the best-selling nonfiction book by the



PULP NONFICTION: Jan Schlichtmann is played with flash and fervor by John Travolta

same name. Starring John Travolta as Schlichtmann, *A Civil Action* is a compelling tale of how the federal courts chewed up and spat out the cocky lawyer and the working-class families he represented in a suit that charged large industrial polluters with contaminating the water supply of Woburn, Mass. Expenses mounted so fast that Schlichtmann lost his Porsche and condo and filed for personal bankruptcy. The judge, in a questionable ruling, barred the parents of the leukemia-stricken children from testifying at trial. And the jury, its hands tied by the judge's instructions and denied access to important evidence, ended up ruling against the families on key parts of their suit. (The Environmental Protection Agency later found the companies liable for

improper disposal of toxic chemicals and ordered them to help pay for a \$70 million cleanup.)

Following the events depicted in *A Civil Action*, a devastated Schlichtmann moved to Hawaii, opened a lighting business and vowed to give up the practice of law. After the tortures of the Woburn case, which wiped out nine years of his life, escaping to sunnier shores seemed like a reasonable response. But Hawaii held him for only three years. Now he's back East with new clients in polluted communities in New York and Massachusetts as well as in Toms River. Has he forgotten the lesson he learned? Is he hunting for another monster lawsuit that will crush him into the ground? Schlichtmann—now married with two children, and seemingly more stable than in his frenetic Woburn days—says no. He claims to have become an apostle for a completely different approach to environmental law. "I don't have another Woburn left in me," he says today. "We need to come up with another way."

Schlichtmann found that other way in Lowell, Mass. He represented eight families whose homes were built on land where toxic wastes had been dumped by the Colonial Gas Co. The residents were already suffering from heart and lung trouble caused by cyanide and other chemicals, according to a state public health study, and they were

worried about more serious health effects from long-term exposure. The old Schlichtmann would have rushed to file a multimillion-dollar lawsuit, commissioning elaborate expert studies and taking scores of depositions. But the battle-scarred Schlichtmann instead entered into a three-way mediation with Colonial Gas and state regulators. After only six months of negotiation, the parties worked out a \$2.75 million settlement in which Colonial, without admitting liability, agreed to buy the families' homes, pay damages and clean up the site.



ENVIRONMENT

Schlichtmann is hoping to apply similar techniques—lawyers call it “alternative dispute resolution”—in the area around the Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island, N.Y. Residents charge that the high cancer rate in nearby neighborhoods—including as many as 19 cases of rhabdomyosarcoma, a very rare and usually fatal childhood cancer—has been caused by radiation leaks from the lab. When Schlichtmann was brought in, he advised the community to try to work with Brookhaven. “He steered us away from the aggressive litigation model from the beginning and urged us to open a dialogue,” says Scott Cullen, a lawyer for Standing for Truth About Litigation (STAR), an East Hampton-based environmental group that has been leading the charge against Brookhaven. “He taught us that the result of all the litigation in Woburn was that more money was spent on the lawsuit than on resolving the problem.” STAR has commissioned expert studies, which it hopes will pressure Brookhaven to undertake a more thorough investigation of its environmental impact on the area. It’s too soon to tell what the results of these efforts will be. Brookhaven denies the charges, and some scientists have already expressed skepticism that there is any link at all between the laboratory and the local cancer rate. But so far, no one is arguing that going to court would settle the matter any faster.

Schlichtmann’s greatest challenge may come in Toms River. The community says its 100 cases of childhood cancer are about 30% more than would be expected by chance. As in Woburn, the families of the affected children charge that their cancer is a result of chemical waste that two companies—in this case, Union Carbide and Ciba Specialty Chemicals—allowed to seep into the water supply.

When Schlichtmann became involved with the Toms River situation about a year ago, he once again advised the families to adopt nonconfrontational tactics. The parties agreed to an 18-month legal moratorium while the problem is investigated. During this period, federal and state officials have been taking water samples and analyzing data. Government toxicologists will work cooperatively with a Union Carbide scientist and one hired by the community. And parents have been talking directly with Union Carbide and Ciba Chemicals.

LINDA GILLOCK, MICHAEL’S MOTHER, says it has taken an emotional toll on her to sit down with the companies she believes may be responsible for her son’s condition. But after reading *A Civil Action*, she was convinced that litigation would be worse. “I don’t want a judge to sit up there and decide testimony can’t be given by the families that were affected,” she says. Gillick believes the negotiations have already given the families more facts about the situation in Toms River than they would have gleaned from years of court proceedings. “The cooperative approach means everything,” she says. “Shouting and screaming doesn’t do a thing.” Ciba and Union Carbide dispute the allegations against them. “We see no evidence that the groundwater on this site is associated

with the childhood cancers,” says Donna Jakubowski, director of external affairs for Ciba. But they too may be better off talking with the families than defending a high-stakes lawsuit.

It’s tempting to trace Schlichtmann’s redemption to a particularly painful scene in the movie version of *A Civil Action*. While the jury is deliberating, a defense lawyer takes a \$20 bill out of his pocket and asks Schlichtmann how he would feel about settling the case for that bill plus six zeros, or \$20,000,000. Schlichtmann spurns the offer—and then the jury comes back with a verdict exonerating that defendant. Schlichtmann insists the scene did not happen that way in real life, and that the defendants never would have paid \$20 million to settle the case. True or not, the vignette drives home an important point: settlement is usually simpler, less costly and certainly far more predictable than taking an environmental-law case to a jury.

The hard part about negotiation is that all parties need to agree for it to work. Toms River and Brookhaven are still in the easy stage: talking and exchanging information. If negotiations break down, Schlichtmann could find himself back in federal court. The prospect of reliving the case that made him famous is not something he looks forward to. “Woburn was a war, a nine-year war, and like all wars it was wasteful and destructive,” says Schlichtmann. “Like any veteran, you come out saying ‘Why war?’” ■



UNFORTUNATE SON: Michael Gillick, who doesn't look like his 19 years, has had to fight against a spreading cancer since infancy; left, a dump near Toms River in 1972

PHOTO: BOB RAY/STEWART

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A R T S

Requiems For Jackie

Feuding memoirs of a celebrated cellist's life

By DANIEL S. LEVY

CELLIST JACQUELINE DU PRÉ WAS classical music's golden girl. When she performed, her blond tresses flew, her body undulated to the music, and the passion in her playing stirred the hearts of her listeners. Du Pré's marriage in 1967 to the equally charismatic pianist and conductor Daniel Barenboim added the glitter of sex and glamour to her already glowing mystique. Then in 1973, at the age of 28, she was forced to retire by the onset of multiple sclerosis. When she died in 1987, admirers, particularly in her native Britain, canonized her as a musical genius and lamented her premature loss.

But not even saints can rest easy nowadays. Du Pré's memory has recently been rattled by a controversy set off by two divergent biographies. One is by her sister and brother, Hilary and Piers du Pré: *Hilary and Jackie* (Ballantine; 350 pages; \$12.95), which was originally published in Britain under the title *A Genius in the Family*. The other is by cellist Elizabeth Wilson, written with the encouragement of Du Pré's widower, Barenboim: *Jacqueline du Pré* (Arcade; 466 pages; \$27.95). The release of a new film, also titled *Hilary and Jackie* and based on the book by Jacqueline's siblings, promises to take Du Pré's story, and the battle over her legacy, to an even larger audience.

Much of the fuss centers on the revelation in the family memoir, re-created in the movie, that Du Pré had a 16-month affair with her brother-in-law and that the relationship was condoned by her sister Hilary. When excerpts appeared in the London *Sunday Times*, outraged fans and friends of Jacqueline's vilified the book, charging that it sullied one of



A PASSION FOR PLAYING
Du Pré's exuberant style enthralled classical fans

Richard Lyttelton, president of EMI Classics. "They were looking for sensationalism and ignoring the fact that she was the greatest soloist produced by Britain in the 20th century," Lyttelton also concedes that his company didn't want to cross Barenboim. Du Pré's artistic executor and an important artist who wields influence in the music community. "We would not want [our current artists] suspicious that we would do anything to make a quick buck," he says.

Britain's greatest virtuosos. Hilary and Piers defend their memoir as an attempt to reveal the personal side of their sister and argue that the excerpts played up the sensational parts of the story. "If people only read those extracts, yes, I can understand how they were upset and disappointed," says Hilary.

Most disenchanted was Barenboim, who was quoted as saying, "Couldn't they have waited until I'm dead?" Barenboim opposed the making of the movie version of the book. The BBC initially agreed to co-produce the film, but when Barenboim balked, it dropped out, citing internal rules that forbade it from making dramatic films about living people unless all those involved approved. EMI, which owns most of Du Pré's recordings, also refused to participate in the project. "We felt that the film focused on the wrong aspect of the Jackie legacy," says

It is, of course, impossible to know what Du Pré, by all accounts a fun-loving woman with a gift for mimicry, would think of all this. Although the family had its roots in the Channel isles, Du Pré grew up in London. By the age of 18 months, she could sing in tune. Her sister Hilary was a flutist who was talented but could not compete with the young prodigy, who practiced little and memorized easily. "Whatever I tried to do, she always did much better," writes Hilary.

Du Pré's early years seemed charmed. As a teenager, she studied briefly with Pablo Casals and dazzled concertgoers. A patron gave her two Stradivarius cellos, the first when she was just 16. With it, she championed such British works as Edward Elgar's melancholy *Cello Concerto*, which became her signature piece. By the time Du Pré and Barenboim met

and fell in love, she was moving in a circle of musical celebrities that included Arthur Rubinstein and Itzhak Perlman.

The relentless touring life of an elite musician, however, took an emotional and physical toll. And then there was the multiple sclerosis. Hints of her affliction started with sporadic numbness and dizzy spells. At first doctors ascribed them to psychological troubles.

AFTERGLOW

Years after her death, Du Pré, left, still moves listeners to tears. A movie starring Emily Watson, right, and two books recount the musician's brilliant rise and tragic demise



Finally came the diagnosis of MS. As the condition ravaged her body and robbed her of the ability to play, it brought on profound personality imbalances that created tremendous friction in her family.

Far from a kiss-and-tell shocker, *Hilary and Jackie* tenderly portrays Du Pré as a high-spirited sister who adored her siblings, starting letters to them with the teasing salutation "Dear Fart Face." While often melodramatic, the book explains the family's strong affection for and complex relationship with its most talented member. Says Hilary: "We all ran to keep up with her." Hilary also tactfully discusses why she believed that encouraging Jacqueline's affair with her husband would help her sister get over a difficult period in which she was briefly separated from Barenboim.

The Du Prés say they also wrote the book to exonerate their mother, who has been criticized for the way she relentlessly spurred Jacqueline's career. "It was frequently said that the MS was a result of Jackie being pushed by mother," says Hilary of the unfounded claim. Finally, to re-

fute charges that they abandoned Jacqueline at the end of her life, the siblings painstakingly illuminate the difficulties of dealing with a relative who became increasingly belligerent as her health declined. The memoir, Hilary insists, was meant to be not a full biography but a family history. "When I wrote the book, I imagined that Jackie was standing beside me... collaborating with me," she says.

Wilson's biography, by contrast, offers a straightforward, scholarly account of the cellist's life. Barenboim not only urged Wilson, a family friend, to write the book but also shared his papers with her and even read her manuscript be-

fore it was published. Drawing on scores of interviews with people who knew Du Pré, Wilson tracks her career and scrupulously reconstructs all her performances. But the author doesn't completely shy away from salacious matters. She mentions the affair and notes that Du Pré also felt abandoned by Barenboim, who cared for her when she was ill but, during the same time, also set up house and fathered two children with another woman. This material, though, is dispensed with quickly. Du Pré, Wilson says, "would have been appalled" by the more intimate approach of her family's book.

One thing the Du Prés and Wilson agree on is that reviving Du Pré's memory will help popularize her again. And in the end, it is Du Pré's music that will be her true legacy. —*Reported by Barry Hillenbrand/London*

Lament in an Unresolved Key

THE FILM DOES NOT QUITE KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH Hilary Du Pré's gift of her husband's sexual services to her sister Jacqueline. Yet that's the big revelation in Hilary and her brother Piers' memoir of life with the dangerously gifted cellist, the scandalous bit that has stuck in everyone's craw.

So there the affair inevitably is, right at the center of *Hilary and Jackie*, its dramatic turning point, if this ill-considered film—which never finds a persuasive point of view on its subjects—can be said to have one. On the other hand, Hilary apparently wants us to understand that it was not for her a big or terribly traumatic deal. Once she accepted, at a comparatively young age, that as a flutist she could not rival her sibling's gifts as a cellist, she (along with everyone else in the family) became her sister's enabler, patiently enduring her capricious demands and careless indifference as the inescapable taxes imposed by vast talent on those who feel obliged to serve it.

The movie, therefore, makes not much more of Jackie's unusual sexual requirements (and her relatives' bland acquiescence in them) than it does of the fact that she sends her dirty laundry home from Moscow for her mother to wash. Genius, you see, must be accommodated on many levels. This is because the romantic view of the creative life has long since taught us that prodigious talent is always delicately balanced, always in danger of paying a tragic price for its high-strung ways, always in need of indulgence.

Hilary and Jackie certainly suggests that the multi-



FALSE NOTES
Watson, left, is all feverish intensity, while Griffiths is given too little to play

ple sclerosis that struck down its heroine so young and imposed on her 14 years of anguish before she died was such a price. And since that end is known to us before we enter the theater, it becomes, in some measure, a justification for her sister's comparatively modest sacrifice. What's a little spouse-sharing if it can bring a few minutes—oh, all right, 16 months—of happiness to a tormented, foredoomed soul?

More, perhaps, than this movie wants to let on. Or, perhaps, dares to let on, given its source. Frank Cottrell Boyce's script insists that the sisters' wrangles were few and quickly subsumed by the near mystic bond they shared. He and the director, Anand Tucker—not to mention the marketing department—want us to understand this as a love story. But to do that they have to sanctify Hilary's passivity without acknowledging its aggressiveness. That has the unintended consequence of stupefying her and giving Rachel Griffiths an almost impossible role to play. Since Jackie's husband, the potentially litigious Daniel Barenboim (played with boyish inconsequence by James Frain), did not cooperate with this enterprise, that leaves all the emotional energy to Emily Watson's Jackie, who feverishly fills the screen, if not our hearts, with a sort of relentless brattiness—the genius as implacably spoiled child. Inevitably, our sympathy turns to impatience, and one escapes *Hilary and Jackie* as from a neurotically closed room, desperate for objectivity's sunlight, irony's fresh breeze.

—By Richard Schickel

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Good Morning, Diane

How ABC persuaded one of its biggest stars to reset her alarm and try to save a sinking show

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

ON THE STATUS LADDER OF NETWORK news, anchoring a morning newscast has long been a sign that you haven't quite made it to the top rung of superstardom. *Today* co-anchor Katie Couric, one of NBC's biggest stars despite the fact that she has to appear in full makeup at 7 a.m., has gone a long way toward disproving that accepted wisdom. Still, early-morning duty is widely regarded as a stepping stone to the really plum jobs on the evening news or one of the prime-time newsmagazines.

So Diane Sawyer caused quite a shock in the TV world last week when she agreed to get out of bed a few hours earlier to help rescue the floundering *Good Morning America*. The prime-time news diva was named interim co-anchor of the show along with Charles Gibson, who returns to GMA after ending an 11-year stint on the show just last May. The surprise move revealed much about the alarms set off at ABC over the ratings collapse of its once dominant morning show. It may also say something about how big TV-news stars can, when the fire bell rings, act like team players too.

GMA's woes are dire. It was the most watched morning program for much of the 1980s and as late as 1994 was still neck and neck with NBC's *Today* show for No. 1. From there it's been all downhill. Put under control of the news division in 1995 (after years under the auspices of the entertainment side), GMA seemed to drift and grow tired. Yet when longtime co-anchor Joan Lunden was eased out in 1997, no obvious successor was ready to step in. After Gibson moved on too, the show was left with a new

team, Lisa McRee and Kevin Newman, who had little following or chemistry. The show's viewership has fallen further and further behind *Today*'s; in the most recent weekly ratings, GMA even dropped behind CBS's perennially third-ranked *This Morning*.

Local affiliates were growing restive, as ad revenues for the highly profitable time period kept shrinking. Rumors of a change had been in the air for weeks, but the ax fell suddenly: McRee was told

the understanding that she and Gibson would serve for only "a few months"—enough time to right the ship and groom some permanent successors.

"We're not going to change the ratings or the competitive relationship with the *Today* show," Sawyer says, fervently trying to tamp down expectations. Rather, she says, the goal is to get the show back on course and "more connected to the rest of the news division." (Two former *PrimeTime Live* producers who have worked closely with Sawyer will be overseeing the show.) She denies that the move reflects any unhappiness with her role in prime time, where

PrimeTime Live, the show she helped launch in 1989, has been subsumed under the rubric of *20/20*, long associated with Barbara Walters.

A person close to Sawyer says she took the job simply to "be a good soldier" and to help out news chief Westin, with whom she is close. (He recently got married at her house on Martha's Vineyard.)

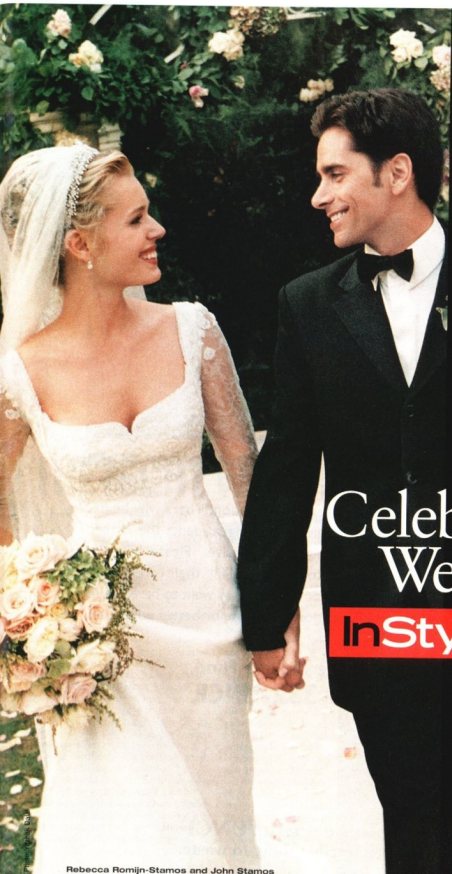
Will it work? Colleagues point out that Sawyer, who starts her new job next Monday, is "not a morning person" (though she managed well enough as co-anchor of the *CBS Morning News* from 1981 to 1984). And while Westin talks about restoring the "warmth" and "sense of family" of GMA's glory days, Sawyer is not an obvious choice for gardening segments. Nor is it clear how the Sawyer interregnum, even if it boosts the ratings, will help the show once she leaves.

Yet her hard-news credentials and connections could at least make a mark in the short run by attracting some news-making interviews. *Today* executive producer Jeff Zucker claims he welcomes the competition—"It will reinvigorate us as well as them"—and doesn't fear Sawyer's well-stocked Rolodex. "The strength of the *Today* show can combat anybody's Rolodex," he says.

Ah, the smell of gunpowder in the morning. We've missed it. —With reporting by William Tynan/New York



on Sunday afternoon, after a week's vacation, not to come to work on Monday. "The show was a mess," she told TIME. "It wasn't fun to work on, and it wasn't fun to watch." ABC-News President David Westin acknowledges that drastic measures were needed. "[The show] simply was not getting better fast enough," he says. "I concluded that we needed to make a quantum leap rather than do it incrementally." After Connie Chung reportedly turned down the job, Sawyer (who will continue her prime-time duties as well) was lured back with



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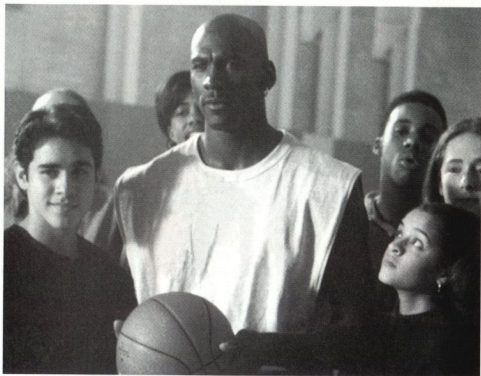
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PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

A superb retrospective in Houston sheds light on Brassai, the great chronicler of Paris after dark

By RICHARD LACAYO

IN THE SAME WAY THAT VIOLINISTS CAN be counted on to have remarkable hands, a lot of photographers have great eyes. Brassai's were bouncing balls under aerodynamic eyebrows. You can pretty much imagine them in action when he told people how he got seriously involved with the camera, a development he liked to explain by way of a story he heard from Isadora Duncan, the famous dancer. For a long time she couldn't bear the sight of the pianist whom her rich lover had hired as her accompanist. One day she and the luckless musician were riding face-to-face in a carriage. Suddenly it pulled up short, and she was flung into his arms. "I stayed there," she told Brassai. "I understood it was to be the greatest love of my life."

It wasn't. (That was Isadora Duncan for you.) But in 1929, when Brassai was finally launched into the embrace of photography, after years of resisting its

charms, it really was for keeps. Though the young Hungarian arrived in Paris in 1924 ambitious to be a painter, he spent his first years working as a journalist. Eventually he started taking pictures to accompany his articles. It was his initial embarrassment at mere picture taking that led him to publish his photos under a pseudonym, Brassai, a Hungarian word meaning "from Brasso," his childhood village. He wanted to save his birth name, Gyula Halasz, for the paintings that he expected would secure his fame. In the end his paintings would be all but forgotten and his photographs would be famous. He would be too, forever, as Brassai.

"Brassai: The Eye of Paris," the thorough and splendid exhibition that runs through Feb. 28 at the Houston Museum of Fine Arts, is the

L'AVENUE DE L'OBSERVATOIRE IN AUTUMN, circa 1932: A tireless walker in the nocturnal city, Brassai, below, made the night itself something to see

first major retrospective devoted to his work to appear in the U.S. in 30 years. From Houston it moves to Los Angeles and Washington. Next year an even larger show opens in Paris. Brassai is back now in a big way largely because of his fascination with the world after dark in Paris between the wars. Though he stopped taking pictures in the early 1960s, until his death in 1984 he produced a steady output of memoirs, literary reflections and new collections of his old photographs. And in 1976 came the long-delayed *The Secret Paris of the 30's*, a collection of photographs taken largely in the 1930s but never published before. A glimpse of the mostly unseen side of prewar

Paris—brothels, gay bars, drag balls—it gave his reputation just the right twist for a postwar generation captivated by sex. What Norman Rockwell was to official virtue, Brassai was to deadpan indecency, fat sexpots and crazy love.

Anne Wilkes Tucker, the Houston MFA



PIERRE LEBLANC



PHOTOGRAPHY

CONCHITA WITH SAILORS, circa 1933:
People as weighty as temple gods

photography curator who organized the show, calls the Paris of the 1930s a city on the cusp "between the era of the Belle Époque and that of the Modern Age." The gas lamps of Europe were giving way to electric streetlights. That meant a new kind of nighttime, full of sexy pinpoints in the fog, 20th century floodlights over 19th century cobblestones, popguns of brightness in dark places that told dirty jokes about the naked city. As photographers elsewhere were doing—Josef Sudek in Prague, Bill Brandt in London—Brassai claimed as his territory the nocturnal city that camera and film technology was just then arriving at the means to capture.

The dark was for him what sunlight was for Monet, an astonishment, an eternal element that his chosen medium had never been able to "get" before. In 1933 he published *Paris at Night*, a book that instantly secured his reputation and remains one of the milestone volumes of 20th century photography. A picture like *L'Avenue de l'Observatoire in Autumn* is about nothing so much as just dark and light. Its unsentimental main "subject" is a car-headlight beam. A bit as Weegee did in New York City, Brassai hid below the beltways of Paris. What he liked best was what he found in the black sockets of the city, under the bridges and in the streets where hookers dangled their stuff

and planted themselves with monumental assurance.

Like so many photographers of his day, and not just of his day, Brassai occasionally posed some of the people in pictures that look at first glance like candids. By the 1930s, photographers like André Kertész and Henri Cartier-Bresson had begun to use the new 35-mm handheld Leicas, equipment that could capture fast movement. Brassai persisted in working with a Voigtlander Bergheil. A camera that used small glass plates instead of film—Brassai would eventually adapt it for conventional film—it required a tripod and long exposures. That in turn meant that his subjects usually knew they were being photographed. He had to get them to cooperate in the romantic comedies and melodramas of his imagination.

For Brassai it wasn't always a matter of posing people so much as positioning his camera before them and waiting for them to assume the configurations he was looking for. What he wanted were archetypal scenes of Paris life in which the people were not caught in motion but in essence. Even in a picture of romantic treachery as subtly animated as *Conchita with Sailors*—there's a world of sexy waywardness in those spiculed bangs alone—the people are as weighty and immemorial as Egyptian temple statues. And even when he made a pic-

KISS ON SWING AT A STREET FAIR, circa 1935: Sunlit lovers, shadowy kiss

ture in full daylight motion, like *Kiss on Swing at a Street Fair*, he's still Brassai the night watchman. He manages to catch his sunlit lovers at the very moment that they kiss in the shadows.

It was especially after World War II, when Europe was in ruins and civilization had been bested for a while by its discontents, that Brassai discovered the weird beauty of graffiti. Just as he had seen what was lovely in the louche spectacle of the Parisian cafés, he recognized what was indelible about graffiti, the bad penmanship of the group unconscious. In his photographs of the stick figures and screaming heads carved and scribbled on Paris walls, you find the most unruly human impulses—sex, anger, even exaltation—brought alive and made legible in odd corners.

Brassai's graffiti pictures would be immensely influential among postwar artists like Jean Dubuffet and Antoni Tàpies, who were sifting the rubble for a new imagery suited to a postapocalyptic world. Brassai would also make a considerable name for himself through his camera portraits of the artists and writers who were his friends, including Picasso, Miller, Matisse and Giacometti. But his greatest work will always be his views of nocturnal Paris. He made the night something to see. ■



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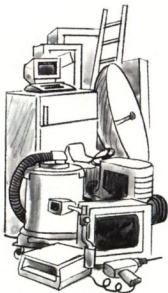
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SHORT TAKES

CINEMA



HURLYBURLY Directed by Anthony Drazan

The house is contemporary sterile. Its owners, casting agents played by Sean Penn and Kevin Spacey, are toxic male traditionalists. Their door is always open to other fringe types who drop in to gnaw on one another's coke-blasted psyches and abuse any woman careless enough to enter their lair. David Rabe's adaptation of his 1983 play offers irresistible acting opportunities: all the guys are villains, all the gals truly damaged victims, and everyone in a strong cast takes full advantage of his or her role. But styles of degradation change, and the piece seems dated, the characterizations, no matter how passionately rendered, more like exercises for an acting class than something we can connect with. —By Richard Schickel

THE CELEBRATION Directed by Thomas Vinterberg

At a posh party to honor a Danish patriarch on his 60th birthday, the favored son rises to make a toast. His father, he says, sexually ravaged him and his twin sister, a recent suicide, when they were kids. This acerbic farce-melodrama, lauded at Cannes and by critics' groups,



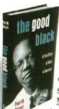
is directed in a fake-verité style that distracts a bit from the entertaining spectacle of the rich airing their bloody silk underwear in public. But it's still creepy fun to watch the upper class pretend a family isn't in tatters. When propriety meets outrage in a château, guess which one wins? Cognac, anyone? —By Richard Corliss

BOOKS

THE GOOD BLACK: A TRUE STORY OF RACE IN AMERICA By Paul M. Barrett

This fast-paced account of a bitter racial discrimination case brought by a Harvard-trained black attorney successfully evokes

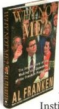
SHORT TAKES



the tortuous ambiguities that surround efforts to integrate the professional work force through affirmative action. But it never quite answers the hard question at the heart of the story: Was Lawrence D. Mungin, the "good black" of the title, a competent lawyer who got the shaft because he was black, or a disillusioned Uncle Tom who blamed racism when his ambitions exceeded his talent? Without knowing that, it's impossible to judge the validity of Mungin's case.

—By Jack E. White

WHY NOT ME? By Al Franken It's unclear what exactly Franken is ridiculing in this



political satire, but the results are certainly funny. The book's 289 pages chronicle Franken's fictitious run for the democratic presidential nomination in 2000. He hires Norm Ornstein (fellow at the American Enterprise Institute), Dick Morris (political consultant) and Dan Haggerty (Grizzly Adams) to build a highly successful campaign around eliminating ATM fees. Perhaps he's mocking the American voter, or the election system, or even himself. Whatever his point, doggonit, it's sharper than making fun of 12-step gurus.

—By Joel Stein

TELEVISION

ZOE, DUNCAN, JACK & JANE *The WB, Sundays, 9 p.m.* Like ads for the ESPNNews channel, the promos for this show are much funnier than the product. While the best WB dramas (*Felicity*, *Buffy* and *Dawson's Creek*) shape teen angst into complex characters and sharp dialogue, *Zoe* doesn't get much beyond 10¢ sitcom jokes. The idea of watching four non-vampire slaying Manhattan teenagers sounds appealing, but the show makes you realize how much of high school was down time, not worth committing to script. *Zoe* makes an effort with realistic teen dilemmas and some quirkiness, but the overall thinness leaves you wanting more *Boy Meets World*.

—J.S.



ANDREW ECCLES—THE WB

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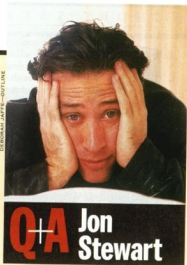
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Q+A Jon Stewart

Jon Stewart takes over as host of Comedy Central's *The Daily Show* on Jan. 11.

Q: So, are you dating some model?

A: Oh, yeah. Ivanka Trump.

Q: She's like 12, isn't she?

A: Yeah, but she's very mature. I don't know if you've ever really talked to her, but she's very *Dawson's Creek*. No, my girlfriend is going back to school, actually. We've been together for 3½ years.

Q: This is a bad time to have a girlfriend. Your stock is going up.

A: You think? I checked my rotisserie standings. I still look like a utility player.

Q: How do you compare to Larry King?

A: Nobody scores more points than King. The only one who can challenge him is Al Roker, only because he scores in so many categories. If Roker ever puts out a music album, it's over.

Q: Why didn't you take over Larry Sanders?

A: That was just the plot line.

Q: But there was no reality to that?

A: Every now and again, we'd think, "What if we did do that?" You're in that *After M*A*S*H* scenario. Guys are in a meeting saying, "I think people would care about Radar and Klinger in Iowa." We saved ourselves from that.

Q: Your talk show was canceled by Paramount, the company that went on to distribute Desmond Pfeiffer and Homeboys in Outer Space. That's got to hurt.

A: No. It doesn't have to hurt. You're a bitter man for 27. I am shocked at your level of bitterness for 27.

Q: It's been tough.

A: I was going to say, it sounds like you've had a hard life: a suburban kid from Jersey. Who hurt you? Did Carson hurt you? Did Cavett say something mean? What happened to you, boy? Look, there's a kibbutz I know. Honestly. You'll get your head straight. Come on out there, knock down some halvah. You'll have yourself a time.

—By Joel Stein

A MONUMENTAL WORK OF HISTORY

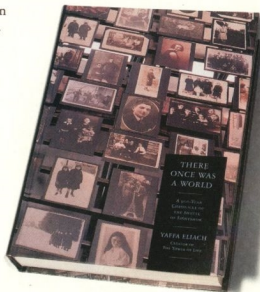
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in the United States Holocaust
Memorial Museum

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Daniel Kadlec

Internet Mania

The biggest bubble in 350 years will inevitably burst. Here's how you can profit—if you dare

AMAZON.COM, THE MONEY-LOSING ONLINE BOOK-seller whose market value now greatly exceeds that of Sears, may be the most outrageous example of

Internet speculation. But it has plenty of company inside the bubble. Online auctioneer eBay, trading publicly only since September, is up ten-fold and is now six times as big as venerable bricks-and-mortar auction house Sotheby's. Without question, Internet stocks are the hottest things since biotechnology shares soared in 1991 (and crashed in 1992), and

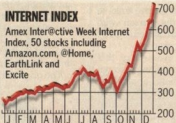
may be the hottest things since the Dutch tulip-bulb craze in the 1600s.

But don't get me wrong. I agree with the cheerleaders that the Net will transform our world—just not overnight. The hype is out of control, and even the

Net executives acknowledge it. They have been selling their own stock lately, and the pace will quicken in coming months as these insiders become free to trade tens of millions of "locked up" shares resulting from recent IPOs. If you have a pulse, you've wondered how much longer prices can remain untethered to any valuation benchmark. You may also have wondered how you can profit when many Net stocks inevitably fall.

You have two basic choices: to sell short, which means borrowing shares from a broker and selling them in the hope that you can later buy them back lower and pocket the difference; or to buy "put" options giving you the right to sell stock at a preset price by a preset date. These are simple trades that any broker can handle. But each poses problems that are magnified with Net stocks.

The main risk in selling short is that your potential losses are unlimited. There is no telling how high a stock will go. If you had sold short 100 shares of eBay just a month ago, you would have a paper loss today of \$12,000. Professionals have lost hundreds of millions betting against Net mania. Compounding the problem, Net stocks have relatively few shares in circulation, and that makes them difficult to borrow and sell. The ones you would want to



short—those without earnings or a compelling business plan—are precisely the ones whose shares are hardest to borrow. You can easily short AOL, but it has a real business and is least likely to plunge. Available shorts include por-

tal companies, among them Yahoo and Excite. But again, they're not first choice.

Put options are less risky. The price of the option is all you can lose. But options tend to be short-term vehicles, expiring within three or four months. You need a long-term strategy because manias tend to last longer than anyone expects. Compounding the problem, options on Net stocks are insanely expensive, costing double or triple what they cost on other stocks.

There are three Net indexes on which you can buy put options: Amex Inter@ctive Week, Goldman Sachs and TheStreet.com. The Amex also sells long-term options (LEAPS) on individual stocks, including AOL, Yahoo, @Home and Ascend. Those expire in January 2001 and give plenty of time for the bubble to burst. But the stock would have to fall 50% in that time for the LEAP to pay big.

The safest move is simply to avoid the Net stocks or make a backdoor bet on established firms that don't have ".com" in their names but are making money off the Net anyway. Those include Cisco and Lucent, which make the equipment that runs the Net, and Federal Express, which delivers much of the stuff we're buying online. ■

See time.com/personal for more on Internet mania. E-mail Dan at kadlec@time.com. See him on CNNfn at 12:45 p.m. E.T. Tuesday.

B Shares Get Bad Grades

IF A BROKER TRIES TO PERSUADE YOU to buy class-B mutual-fund shares instead of class A, make sure it's in your best interest, not just his. The SEC is investigating whether certain brokers favor B shares because of fatter commissions. Even though B shares bear no up-front sales charge, they normally carry high early-redemption and annual fees and generate lower long-term returns than class-A shares.



Paging Online Traders

ARE YOU THE KIND OF ACTIVE TRADER who worries that your stocks might head south while you're out getting coffee? Help is on the way. Last week Fidelity and Bell South Wireless announced that those who trade at least 36 times a year will soon be able to check quotes and trade stocks on the go with a RIM two-way pager and Fidelity's new InstantBroker wireless service (\$50 a month). Those who



use standard pagers can also have updates and stock alerts sent their way.

Real Deals on Power PCs

DON'T WORRY IF YOU MISSED OUT ON a cheap PC late last year. Considering the better deals this month, holiday shoppers may be the ones with regrets. Retailers sold mainly entry-level computers but now are overstocked with higher-powered systems. Radio Shack has a fully loaded 333-MHz Compaq Presario for \$999, and Best Buy is offering a similar Packard Bell system at the same low price. —By Daniel Eisenberg





Joshua Quittner

Gadgets Galore

DVD players are getting better and cheaper, as are new gizmos for your car—and your belly

AH, CONSUMER ELECTRONICS. ARE THERE ANY TWO words in any language that go better together? I think not (especially if you exclude "tongue sandwich"). That's why last week found me happy as a Teletubby on tequila, at the annual Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas. The big news there was that virtually every audio-video manufacturer is selling, or about to sell, an affordable DVD, or "digital versatile disc," player, which will play music as well as movies with a vividness and clarity far greater than that

of VCRs playing videotape. Industry analysts report that the DVD format suddenly took off this past holiday season, surpassing even their rosiest projections. A decade from now, they say, more people are expected to be using DVD than videotape.

I was impressed with the DVD 825 by the Philips Consumer Electronics Co. (\$299, in March). It's upgradable so that new features such as better searching and zooming can be added via software discs later. Some parents may find the blocking feature (which allows you to lock out certain discs) useful. Another thing Philips announced: an under-\$1,000 recordable DVD player that can record TV shows in real time. Look for that one in 2000.

For true DVD fanatics Panasonic's Mobile DVD Theater System is what people mean when they say fully loaded. The \$2,800 in-car system, which will be available in April, includes a dashboard-mounted screen and a shock-resistant DVD player, as well as high-fidelity speakers. Since it costs roughly twice what my old Honda Civic is worth, I won't be buying it. Nor will I be outfitting my wreck with Visteon's Rear-Seat Entertainment Center (\$1,300), a system that houses a monitor, a video deck and a Nintendo 64 video-game console. But I suspect a lot of other people will scoop the thing up. Visteon's rig can be purchased through Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers starting in April.

Another gadget my car won't get is Clarion's Auto PC (\$1,200). It's a dash-mounted computer that's designed to accept simple voice commands, and will do everything from tune the radio or CD player to retrieve and read aloud e-mail or dial your cell phone

from a contacts list. Sounds cool, but wait for the kinks to shake out; the person who demonstrated it for me couldn't get it to work properly. Do you ever worry that you're not watching enough TV? Two new appliances, from Replay Networks (\$699) and TiVo (\$499), will help when they debut in the spring. The devices are slightly bigger than a VCR; each houses a huge hard drive that will store eight hours or so of programming. They attach to phone lines through which TV guides are constantly transmitted. Programming is as simple as calling up the week's listings, pointing and clicking.

Expected Soon ...

The Bébé Sounds monitor lets a mom-to-be listen in on her little passenger



You'll need to save your pennies to buy this stuff, of course. One possible solution is Uniden's Long-Distance Call Monitor. When you make a long-distance phone call, a Uniden wireless phone (\$49.95) automatically connects to a database that instantly searches more than 60 of those "10-10" calling services and finds the best deal at the time. It works with whatever long-distance plan you already subscribe to (using that, if it happens to be cheaper than the 10-10s.) There are no monthly fees, and it should be available in May.

Finally, for expectant mothers: Bébé Sounds (\$29.99 by Unisar in New York City). Hold its little amp up to your belly, and listen in on the headphones as your fetus flops around. Even I was tempted to buy one—to listen to that tongue sandwich I had for lunch.

See our website at www.timedigital.com for more on products mentioned in this column. E-mail Josh at jquitt@well.com.

What Flavor Is Your Mac?



STEVE JOBS, ACTING-CEO-for-life of the resurgent Apple Computer, said last week of his new fruit-colored desktops, "We knew we had to name them after

things you eat, because you just want to walk up and lick them."

Well, some of us do, anyway. Nearly two decades after the original Macintosh all but invented the home-computer market, Apple finally has another hit. The product is the new iMac, and the five refreshing "flavors" announced by Jobs at last week's MacWorld show in San Francisco are blueberry, grape, lime, strawberry and tangerine.

The original iMac, released last August in translucent blue, sold 800,000 units through mid-December (45% to first-time Mac users). It was, according to PC Data, the top-selling computer in November, the latest month for which figures are available.


Is the iMac right for you? Most business users still need the PC's applications compatibilities, and a peek into any software store makes clear that hard-core gamers won't be seduced away from Windows just yet (though the iMac's success is apparently encouraging software developers to create more games and other programs for it).

But if you spend most of your time online these days, the iMac is truly a marvel of simplicity: pull it from the box, plug in the power and phone lines, click a button, and you're on the Net. That ease of use may prove as strong a draw as the chance to buy a machine that matches your décor.

—By Michael

Krantz/San Francisco



A man in a light-colored button-down shirt, dark trousers, and a black baseball cap with the Sears HomeCentral logo stands in a doorway. He is smiling and holding a toolbox. The background shows a suburban house and trees. The text "If the starched uniform doesn't impress you, the ironclad guarantee will." is overlaid on the image.

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Christine Gorman

Relax That Heart

Beta-blocker drugs now help congestive heart failure as well as hypertension and heart attack

DOCTORS ARE DOING SUCH A GOOD JOB OF SAVING THE lives of heart-attack victims that a whole new problem has surfaced: many of the survivors are left with severely damaged hearts. That has contributed to an increase in cases of congestive heart failure, an often debilitating condition in which the muscle is too weak to pump enough blood to the rest of the body and eventually exhausts itself. This ailment is growing more common not only because of doctors' success in saving heart-attack patients but also because

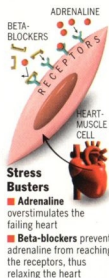
of other factors, including an aging population. What it all adds up to is that 4.8 million Americans are living diminished lives with weakening hearts. The number of deaths from congestive heart failure has doubled, from 20,000 in 1979 to 44,000 in 1996.

Now comes word of new hope in the form of an old prescription drug. In a study of 2,647 patients in the Jan. 2 issue of *Lancet*, researchers found that treating folks who have mild to moderate heart failure with medications called beta-blockers lowered their risk of death 34% over 15 months compared to patients who did not take the drugs. A yet unpublished study that was presented last November at a meeting of the American Heart Association reached a similar conclusion.

These results come as a bit of a surprise. Although beta-blockers have been used safely for decades to treat hypertension, chest pain and heart attacks, most physicians believed they were too dangerous to give to patients suffering from congestive heart failure.

Here's why: Beta-blockers counteract the body's fight-or-flight reactions to stress. More specifically, the drugs block the so-called beta-adrenergic receptors—molecules, found in muscles, that respond to surges of adrenaline. The beta-blockers thus relax the heart, causing it to beat more slowly. This seems like the last thing you would want to do for someone whose heart isn't pumping much blood in the first place.

It turns out, however, that much of the damage caused by congestive heart failure



occurs when the body overreacts to the chronic lack of blood. It responds by pumping out more and more adrenaline, which forces the ailing heart to work ever harder. Beta-blockers interrupt this destructive cycle, allowing the heart to stabilize.

Researchers hope it won't take too long to convince doctors that they can safely prescribe beta-blockers for congestive heart failure. "Fewer than 5% of these patients are now on beta-blockers," says Dr. Milton Packer, professor of medicine at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City. "But if we could get 75% to 90% of them on the drugs, we'd be saving tens of thousands of lives."

Make no mistake, these are powerful drugs. Side effects can include fatigue, insomnia and, in men, impotence. Physicians must start the patient on low doses to allow the body to adapt to the medication. They must monitor the patient closely, at least in the first few weeks, for signs of overdose. The drugs cannot be taken by people with severe heart failure or asthma. Nor are they appropriate for folks whose heart condition is a result of valve disease. Even certain over-the-counter medications, such as Tagamet, can interfere with their action. But many patients whose lives have been constrained and threatened by congestive heart failure will probably agree that the benefits are worth the risks. ■

Learn more about congestive heart failure at www.healthfinder.gov/ or amhr.org/. E-mail Christine at gorman@time.com

Good News on Catheters

CATHETERS THAT DELIVER INTRAVENOUS nutrients and medication to patients can also deliver a serious blood infection. But researchers reported last week that a new device coated with antibiotics—called a

Cook Spectrum Catheter—can protect against infection 12 times as well as those that are treated with antiseptics only.



Bad News on Formaldehyde

TALK ABOUT STRANGE BEDFELLOWS. Scientists have shown that new bed-sheets can emit formaldehyde—a possible carcinogen. The chemical is present in the coating that makes sheets—and permanent-press shirts—wrinkle-free. Other offenders: wet fingernail hardeners, latex paint and some floor finishes. What to do? Wash sheets and shirts before using, and keep your distance after applying fresh paint and other products.



Good News for Hearts

WHAT WOULD DRACULA SAY? THE thickness of arterial walls in the neck may be a more powerful predictor of heart attack and stroke for elderly folks than high blood pressure or cholesterol, scientists reported last week. The walls of the carotid arteries can be easily viewed with a \$250 sonogram.



Bad News on Salmonella

PARENTS, CLEAN UP YOUR ACT! A study of young children infected with salmonella found that in at least 35% of cases, contaminated food was not to blame. Instead the source of the bug was parents' and pets' stool and even dirt on the floor. —By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: New England Journal of Medicine (1); Environmental Science Technology; Pediatrics



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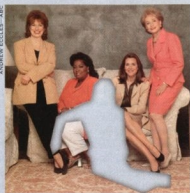
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Did You Know... "Intense nationwide demand for youth firearms training is why the NRA works with groups like the Boy Scouts, American Legion, 4-H and FFA to develop shooting programs that reach more than one million young people annually."

Wayne LaPierre

Wayne LaPierre, NRA Executive Vice President





In Coffee Clash, Debbie Falls from View

The job description seemed easy enough, even for a 23-year-old with no journalistic experience and a limited vocabulary. All you had to do was show up on time to banter with the other hosts and make sure the network emblem plastered on your coffee mug was visible to the camera when you drank from it. But last week **DEBBIE MATENOPOULOS** lost her regular cushion on the couch of *The*

View, the ABC talk show hosted by Barbara Walters and four other women of varying ages. As an unknown MTV production assistant, Matenopoulos was chosen for the show to represent youth, a task she accomplished all too well with callow contributions that often left her colleagues dumbfounded. Matenopoulos is now pursuing other projects, including a TV sitcom, a realm in which her ability to be blond and look good in clothes may be more esteemed.

Ed the Engaged

In a decision both utterly momentous and without any obvious historical significance, **PRINCE EDWARD**, youngest son of the Queen of England, last week announced his engagement to longtime girlfriend **SOPHIE RHYS-JONES**. Edward, 34, whose chances of ascending the throne are virtually nil, has struggled gamely to establish an independent identity, founding his own television production company and using the name Edward Windsor. Rhys-Jones, 33, whose father is a tire salesman, runs her own public relations firm. As hope springs eternal, even in royal residences, the palace is reportedly thrilled and optimistic, despite the fact that the marriages of Edward's three siblings ended in divorce. The couple said they hope for an intimate family wedding this spring. Fortunately, the chapel where they plan to marry seats no more than 800.

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION BY ED GABRIEL; PHOTOS BY CORBIS; BELTMAN; HONING—HUTTEN



George Costanza, Phone Home

How much does this guy miss being on TV? For nine seasons **JASON ALEXANDER** played George on *Seinfeld*, one of television's highest-rated programs. Last week he shot a guest appearance on UPN's *Star Trek: Voyager*, a show of which he's been a longtime fan but which rarely cracks the top 75. In a departure from his *Seinfeld* character, Alexander plays an alien in possession of both charisma and intelligence. The episode will air in the spring, but for those who can't wait to see how Alexander may look, we took some hints from the producers and had our artist render a very liberal interpretation.

KISS 'N' MAKE UP OF THE WEEK

NAME: George ("the Boss") Steinbrenner

AGE: 68

OCCUPATION: Yankee owner known for pink slips and helmet hair

BEST PUCKER: Ended 14-year feud with Yogi Berra by telling him that having an underling fire Berra as manager in 1985 was "the worst mistake I've ever made in baseball"



NAME: Lawrence ("Yogi") Berra

AGE: 73

OCCUPATION: Yankee Hall of Famer known for inadvertent drolleries

BEST PUCKER: Said, inevitably, "It's over," accepted the Boss's apology and claimed he may show up at Yankee Stadium next season for the first time in 14 years

THE WINNER Young—and young-at-heart—baseball fans everywhere



Lance Morrow

Deconstructionist at the Super Bowl

Football, still in bad odor among thinkers, needs a fancier mystique. Try this one

INTELLECTUALS LOVE BASEBALL, AND THEY READ SWEET meanings into it. The game "has a mythic quality," Bernard Malamud thought—the myths being innocent democracy, recovered childhood, a harmless, universal cast of heroes (from Ruth and DiMaggio long ago to McGwire and Sosa in last year's memorable season) and a sentimental reconciliation, over peanuts and Crackerjacks, between the college-educated and the working man.

Overeducated fans turn baseball into "text." One historian sees the game as an American fertility rite. A professor of English at the University of Rochester, George Grella, has written that "while (baseball) radiates a spiritual transcendence, it also expresses a parallel paradoxical quality of sadness ... it instructs us in two crucial American concepts, the loneliness of space and the sadness of time."

I'm concerned that professional football has no such mythic dimension. I think that explains why football's television ratings have fallen off: ABC's *Monday Night Football*, for example, has just wound up the worst season in its 29 years on the air. I have located the problem. Pro football remains in bad odor among thinkers. It needs a richer intellectual tradition.

Pro football's old reputation lingers: it runs on steroids and brute force; its model is militaristic (with a vocabulary of "aerial attack," "offense" and "defense"), is aggressively over-male ("penetration") and seems somehow stupider than baseball because its energy is raw and violent.

I was surprised several weeks ago at dinner when a friend of mine, the writer Ted Morgan, born French as Sanche de Gramont but years ago Americanized, launched into a rhapsody about professional football. Ted, whose Sundays are lost from September to Super Bowl, loves what he calls "the beauty" of pro football—its power, its grace, its intelligence. Ted explains that football is a symbolic re-enactment of America's westward conquest of territory—while baseball is a "post-settlement" enterprise in which each team by turns pacifically yields the field to the other.

You don't run across this sort of profound reading of football every day. Ted inspired me to renew a lapsed relationship with the game, and eventually, as a favor to football, to cast about for an interpretive metaphysics. (Ted disavows the drivel that follows.)

I start by embroidering an obvious difference between baseball and football: the role of time. A baseball game may in theo-

ry go on forever: it ends only with the last out. Football binds itself to the existential tragedy of the clock. Did not Nietzsche write of "acting against time and thus on time, for the sake of a time one hopes will come?" Fleeting time aligns football in metaphysical parallel with life itself: All mortals play with the clock running. Football faces up to the pressure and poignance of its deadline, the official's fatal, final gunshot. Or something like that.

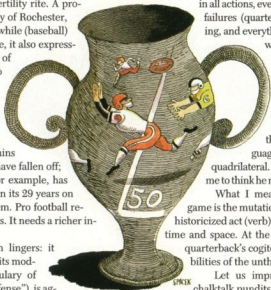
Surely the French deconstructionist Michel Foucault must be deployed. Football enacts the Foucaultian paradigm wherein all actions, even involuntary motions or "fakes" or failures (quarterback sacked), coalesce in meaning, and everything that the game organizes in the way of objects, rites, customs (the superstitious butt slapping, the narcissistically erotic Bob Fosse touchdown dances) constitutes a coherent whole—the game *lui-même*. Foucault saw pro football as the quintessential mutation of the Classical quadrilateral of language into the Modern anthropological quadrilateral. Actually, he didn't. But it amuses me to think he might have. Ha ha, Boomer Esiason!

What I mean is that a professional football game is the mutation of inert muscle (noun) into pure historicized act (verb), framed in a matrix ("gridiron") of time and space. At the precise pencil-point of time, the quarterback's cogito presses urgently upon the possibilities of the unthought.

Let us improve upon the hermeneutics of chalktalk pundits and initiate pro football in a richer obscurantism. The thoughtful spectator will see the players as nodes through which institutionalized power relations are transmitted. From the flip of the coin, the stark binary "Either/Or" ("heads" or "tails") introduces us to a divided universe (kick off or receive? offense or defense?), a jockstrap yin-yang played out in a temporal dynamic of four quarters in a cycle of Sundays that recapitulates Vico ... or is it Ibn Khaldun? I forget.

That's a start, anyway—football as text. Papers for future discussion: "The Huddle: Gemeinschaft or Gesellschaft?" "The Snap from Center: A Buried Semiotics of Homoeroticism?" "From Cosell to Madden: Pedants and Blowhards in the Booth."

End with a conundrum: A gain for one team is a loss for the other. One side's good, *pari passu*, is the other's evil. Such are the stakes. One side has "possession." Who, or what, then, is "possessed?" And with what satanic implications? This is a question that drives postmodern man to crush an empty beer can on his forehead—and even to open another one! ■



PETER BRACKER FOR TIME

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